

*You Can Change the World*



***Maryknoll***

10c





OF SPECIAL interest to us of Maryknoll have been Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's repeated tributes to missionaries. Here's one of several:

*"The Generalissimo and I feel that no words which we could speak could sufficiently express our debt of gratitude to the missionary body all over China who have been a help to the distressed and the best of friends to the hundreds of thousands of refugees.*

*"Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honor of the hordes of terrified and helpless women who ran into their compounds when the Japanese military approached. Others devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. Still others with undaunted courage continued educational work amongst the stricken and destitute.*

*"All these missionaries have throughout kept their banners flying, and their spirits vibrant in the midst of the charred ruins of their missions. In all that they are doing they have shown the quality of mercy which blesteth him that gives and him that takes. In deed and in spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of a starved people."*

## You can change the world . . .

You are the American boy,—the soldier's son, the sailor's kid-brother. You are too young to fight, yet you are the one who can change today's world,—who must build the world of tomorrow.

The challenge to make something of it is yours: a live one, a present one,—for men have seen the walls of nations crumble, yet Christ still standing amidst the ruins.

Everyone else has tried without God and failed. It is for YOU, then, to bring to ALL men the peace of Christ. It is for you to bring Him over the world.

Other men are dying that there may be peace. You are asked only to live and bring the Prince of Peace to ALL men of ALL nations.

*You can do it! You will do it!*

If you won't, who will?

**EXTRA COPIES?** We'll gladly send you one or many copies of this booklet. In quantities, the charge is 12 for \$1.00 or 100 for \$6.00,—just enough to cover the cost of printing. . . . *Our address is:* The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York.



# Father Joyce and the leper

A SHARP, staccato rattle of rifle fire sounded from the mainland opposite the little leper colony on the Island of Gae Moon, and one of the lepers who had been taking a solitary walk crumpled and fell to the ground. He made no sound. Blood spurted from a large wound in his throat.

Father John Joyce, a Maryknoller from Kew Gardens, Long Island, New York, saw the incident from the window of the little mission house. He was visiting Father Joseph Sweeney, from New Britain,

Connecticut, who for the last decade and a half has been the director of the colony. Father Joyce ran out to the leper, picked him up in his arms, and carried him to a place of shelter. The bullets were flying dangerously close, but the priest was not struck.

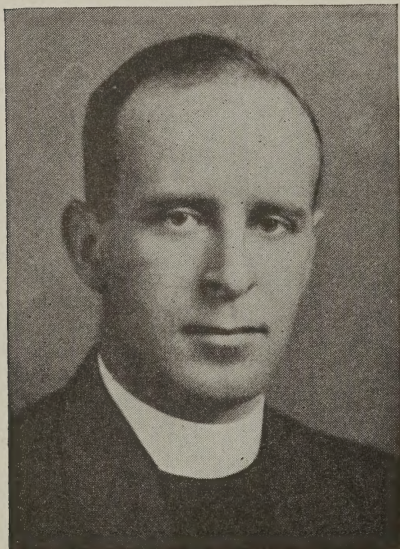
The leper was mortally wounded. Father Joyce recognized him as a middle-aged Chinese, long a resident on the island. For the past several months, he had been studying Christian Doctrine to prepare himself to become a Catholic. He was baptized a few moments before he died.

War casualties among the Gae Moon lepers have been fortunately few; but the two priests, Father Joyce and Father Sweeney, are both veterans of many exciting incidents.

## Father under fire

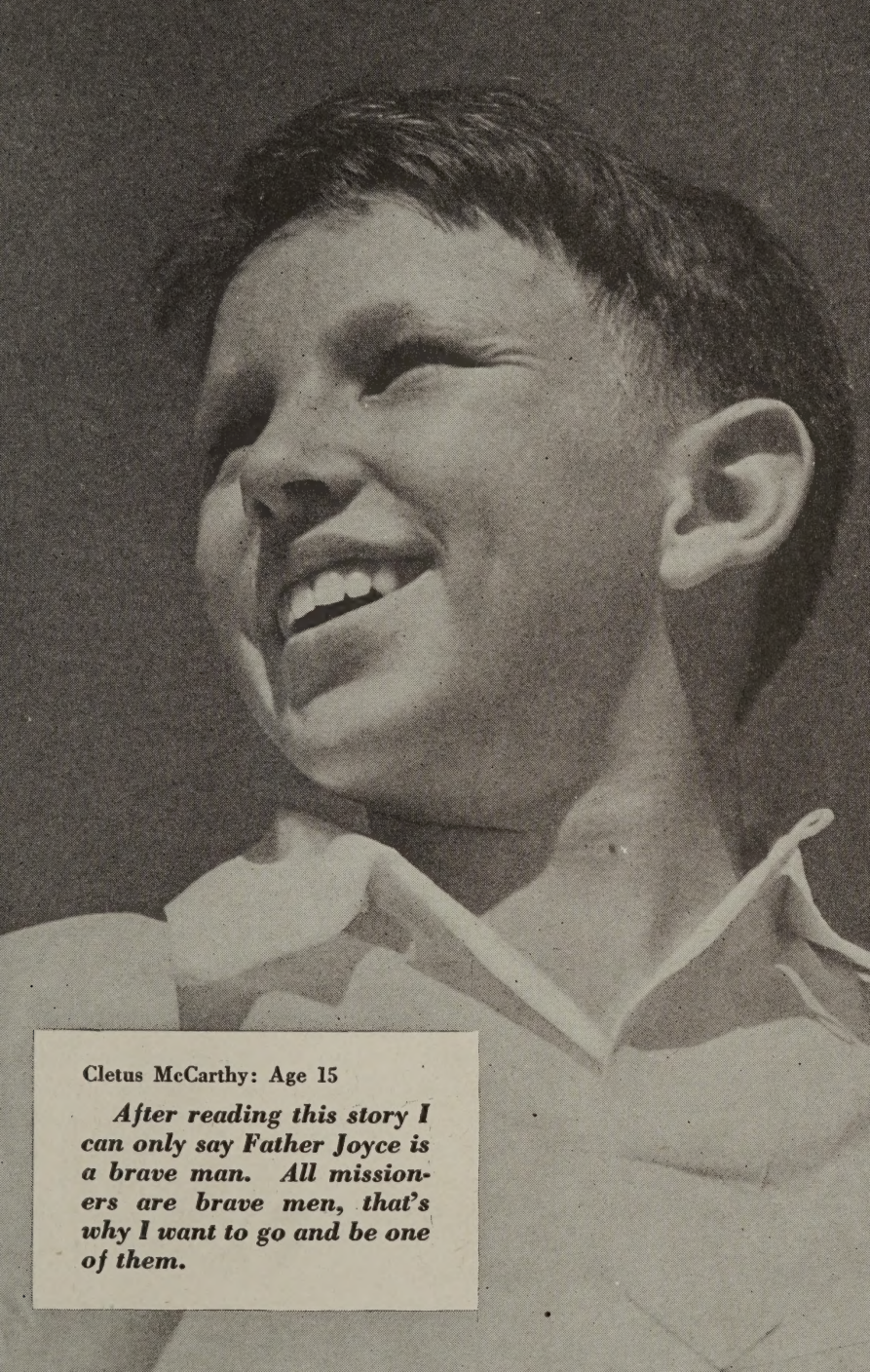
Late in 1942 a Japanese soldier on Sancian Island ran amuck and took a point-blank shot at Father Joyce at close range. The bullet ripped through the sleeve of his cassock, and it looked as if Father Joyce's time was up; but before the soldier could fire again, he was interrupted by one of the officers.

American priests in South China are finding life very interesting these days.



*Father John Joyce, of Kew Gardens,  
Long Island*





Cletus McCarthy: Age 15

*After reading this story I can only say Father Joyce is a brave man. All missionaries are brave men, that's why I want to go and be one of them.*



# Father O'Brien and the sixteen soldiers

**G**ATHERING together sixteen wounded and exhausted Chinese soldiers and nursing them, seems to call for hospital equipment and a medical staff. Yet that was the task undertaken by Father William O'Brien, at his little Maryknoll dispensary in South China. He saved the lives of all but two of the soldiers. Those two died with the consolation of learning of the True God.

Father O'Brien's effort deeply touched the people of Chung-sun. The merchants of the market place were particularly impressed by his devotion to the care of men whom nobody else had seemed to bother about. They "passed the hat," and collected over four hundred badly needed Chinese dollars, to enable Father O'Brien to get food and medicines for his unfortunates.

## He came from Chicago

Father O'Brien, who hails from Chicago, has been twelve years in China. He has learned the ins and outs of the physical ills of his people. He can diagnose and start treating while the patient is still explaining

his trouble. He makes good use of the drugs he can get in the local market—sulphur, camphor, menthol, turpentine, and mercury. Even cigar ashes are used to treat cases of ring-worm, which are common in the Orient.



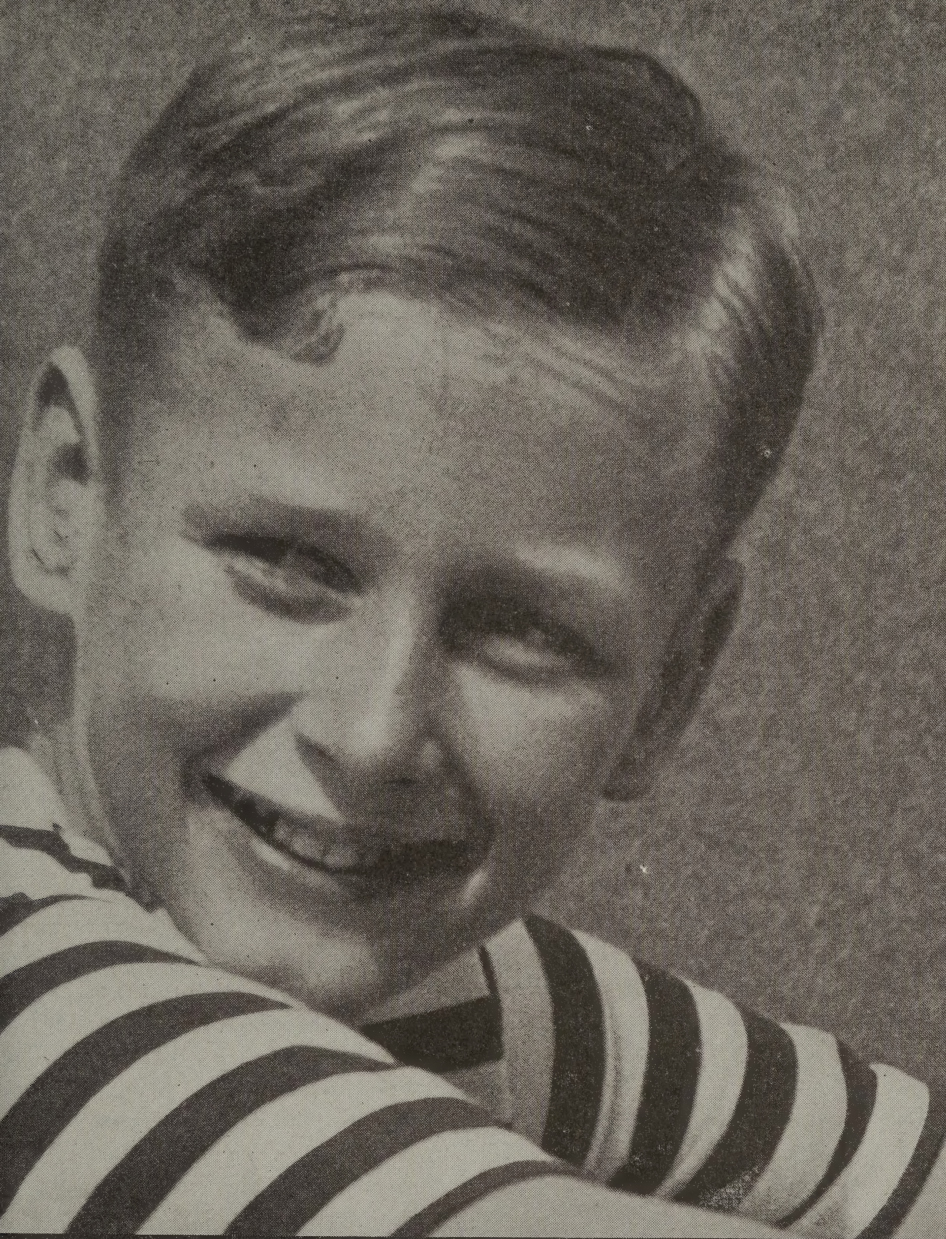
*Father O'Brien*

Father O'Brien discovered that castor-oil plants were growing near by, and that their product was going to waste. He gathered up a bushel of beans, and had the local miller crush them to extract the famed and badly needed oil.

I have seen Father O'Brien treat fifty to sixty patients on a market day, sending them all away with a smile and a bit of spiritual advice, as well as with the medicines they needed. The sixteen wounded soldiers who were carried in from the roadside had been sent away too soon by a hospital.

They were desperately sick and despondent. Those who were too spent for treatment were glad to hear the missionary's message of God's love and the hope of an eternal life. The others were soon on their way home—refreshed, strengthened, and inspired.





Billy Fornier: Age 13

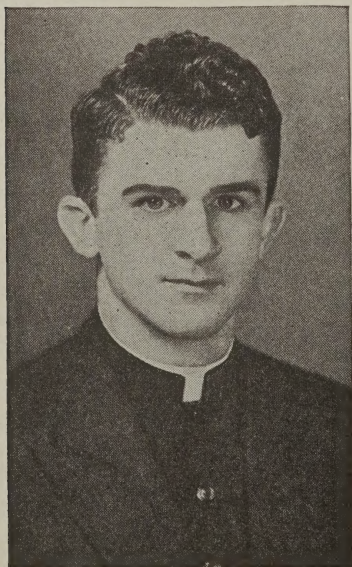
*My father is a doctor and he says the Maryknoll priests are doing great things in helping the sick and dying. He said he is glad that I am going to Maryknoll and take part in this work.*



# Pied Piper of Kweilin

WE HAVE Boy Scouts in Kweilin. One morning recently, when they were returning home from some patriotic parade, one of the little fellows had a slight accident. Since the mishap occurred almost outside the door of our dispensary, I was able to apply some first-aid remedies that checked the loss of blood. As I tied the last bandage with a fancy bowknot, I began humming to myself.

"Oh, the Spiritual Father can sing," one boy caroled. Then the whole troop chorused: "Sing us a song, Father! Sing us a song!"



*Father Cosgrove, of Massachusetts,  
a singer—by request*

Now, Tibbett need never look upon me as a possible rival. I tried to appease my audience by pleading rusty pipes, but they would not be put off. So I launched into the only song I could think of at the moment, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain."

The little fellows listened in awed silence, breaking out into applause when I finished on an off note.

"Hurrah for Father! Sing us another!"

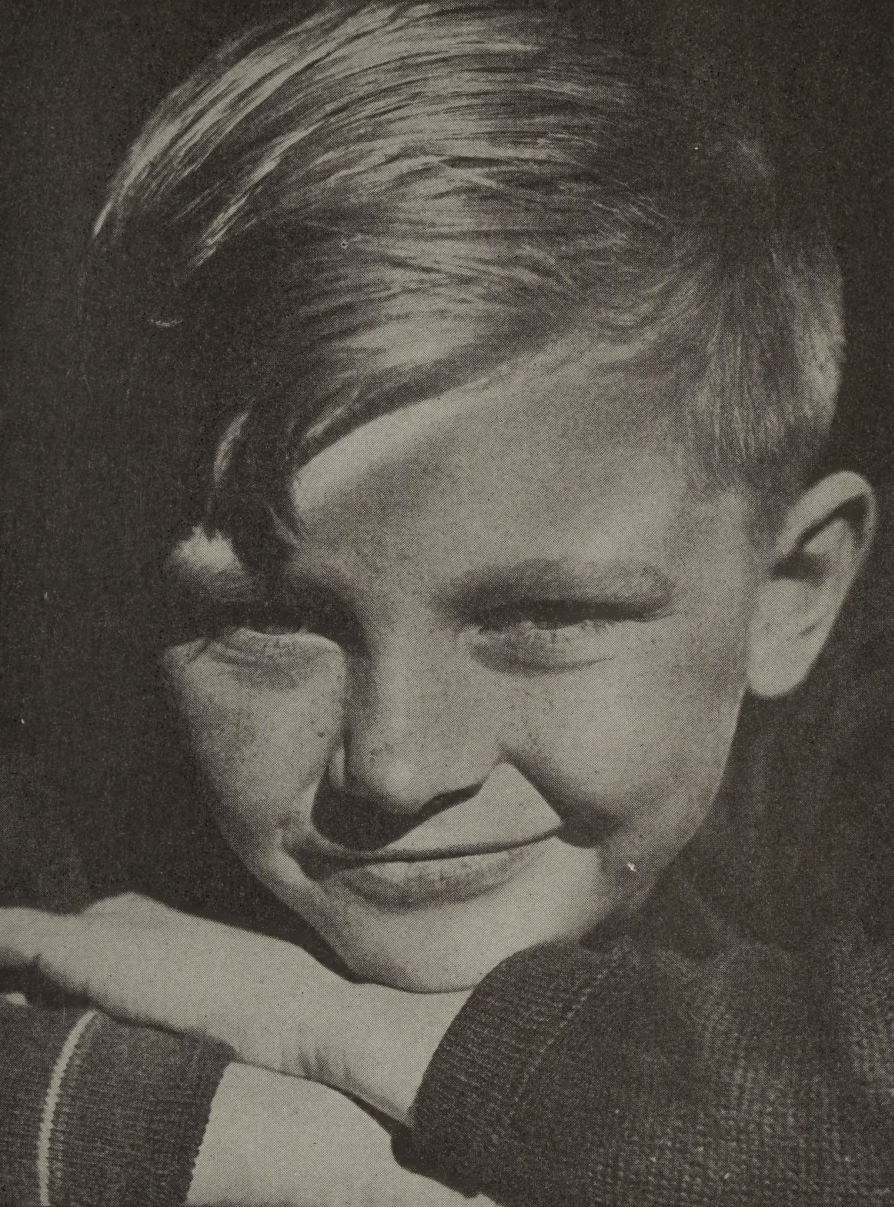
Honestly, no one could have been that obliging. I managed to get rid of them, thinking it was for good. But there they were next morning, the whole of Troop Number 378, with an additional group of potential cubs!

I compromised by promising a song if they would first listen to a story about another Little Boy, Who made the birds and taught them how to sing for Him. They listened as raptly to the story as to the song.

Now the whole troop comes daily to my door, and I tell them of One Who loved to have little children come to Him. The story has grown so interesting that soon I may be able to cut down the song to a simple line or two.

I hope Kate Smith doesn't hear about this! She might not appreciate my street singing.





Bobby Jordan: Age 14

*I'd like to help the Chinese boys the same way Father Cosgrove does. I want to be a Maryknoll priest and help all people.*



## We hired a Pagan Temple

**T**HOUSANDS of refugees are crowding the city. There are so many of them that we have not nearly enough teachers to give individual instruction to those who ask. So we decided to go about it on a large scale. We hired an enormous pagan temple close to our mission. The pagan deities look down from their niches, as we tell our interested listeners of the One True God.

At Kweilin, in South China, a

refugees' crossroads, Maryknoll's Monsignor Romaniello and his priests lived for a time, after the bombing of the mission, in a cave in the city's backdrop of limestone mountains, or on a boat in the Kwei River.

### **The harvest is great**

But no day passed when the missionaries were not sought out by a throng of refugees. Among those befriended by the priests was a workman, an amiable giant, whom someone nicknamed "Tarzan." One day "Tarzan" introduced a Mr. Pei, asking assistance for the latter and his family.

Mr. Pei was a man of evident refinement. He was polite and grateful, but always distant. The missionaries discovered later that he had once been a prominent government official, and "Tarzan" had been his servant.

As the weeks passed, the workman became a catechumen, but his former master remained aloof. Then Mr. Pei fell ill. Only when the end was near did he ask for instruction.

Ten times the number of Maryknoll missionaries now at work in China would not suffice to give to all these starved souls the manna of Christ's love.





John Byrne: Age 17

*I'm ready for college so I must make up my mind what to do. I'd like to be a Maryknoll priest because we Americans have a real responsibility of making this world better than it ever was.*





## My Boys in Bolivia

IT WAS towards evening. I was whipping together a snack of scrambled eggs for supper, when I happened to look out the window and saw Padre Flaherty returning from a sick call. His following was like a miniature parade. There were upwards of a hundred children swarming around him.

Some were asking questions; some were calling out, "Hey, Padre!"; and some simply kicking up dust on the road with their tough, bare feet. The Padre looked, for all the world, like a becassocked Pied Piper transplanted to the hills of Bolivia.

It is like that almost every day. Whenever we leave the rectory, our appearance is the signal for juvenile escort. The word spreads on the winds that the Padre is abroad and

immediately the guard of honor assembles. Tattered, dirty, vociferous, with large, lustrous eyes, they seem to us the nicest urchins in the world.

But these children are a worry as well as a joy. They have absolutely nothing to do. Close though they are to the city of La Paz, they are as carefree as their brethren in the remote sections of Bolivian jungles.

At the age when the children of the United States are entering the seventh and eighth grades, these Indian children of Bolivia begin to suffer the effects of irresponsibility and idleness.

We have visions of a school here in the future, and I hope that Padre (Pied Piper) Flaherty will retain his musical touch, so that he can pipe the youngsters into a classroom.





Jack Schmidt: Age 13

*I'm lucky. I've a bike, a good home, plenty to eat. Those kids in Bolivia have a tough time. I'd like to help Father Flaherty.*

## Refugees surround him

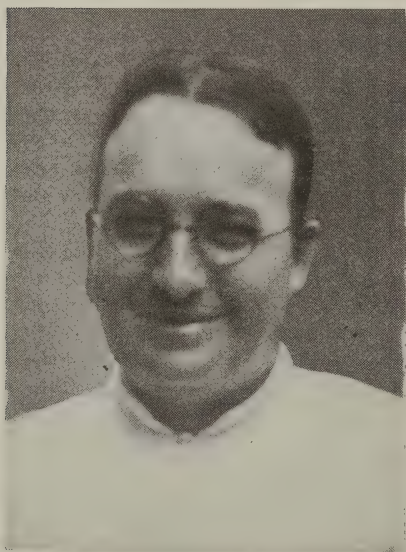
MASS was just over. We stepped out of the tiny Maryknoll chapel in Kweilin.

At once Monsignor Romaniello was engulfed by the waiting crowd. I watched as he called one after another by name; then I grew puzzled by the widely varying dialects of the eager replies.

### The meeting place

"Here are two very happy people I'd like you to meet." The Monsignor pointed to a rather elderly Chinese man and a bright-faced lad of about twelve.

"These two are from Anhwei



*Monsignor Romaniello*

Province, a thousand miles away," he continued. "They were separated on the road, when their party was bombed from the skies; and Mr. Chan was afraid the boy was lost. This is his youngest; his other sons were soldiers and have been killed fighting the enemy. The boy got here first. He's been living at the mission for some weeks. Only yesterday, the father found him here."

"How did you know where to go?" I asked the lad.

"My father told me to look always for the mission cross," answered the child.

"If we were separated, he said I should always find help and safety there."

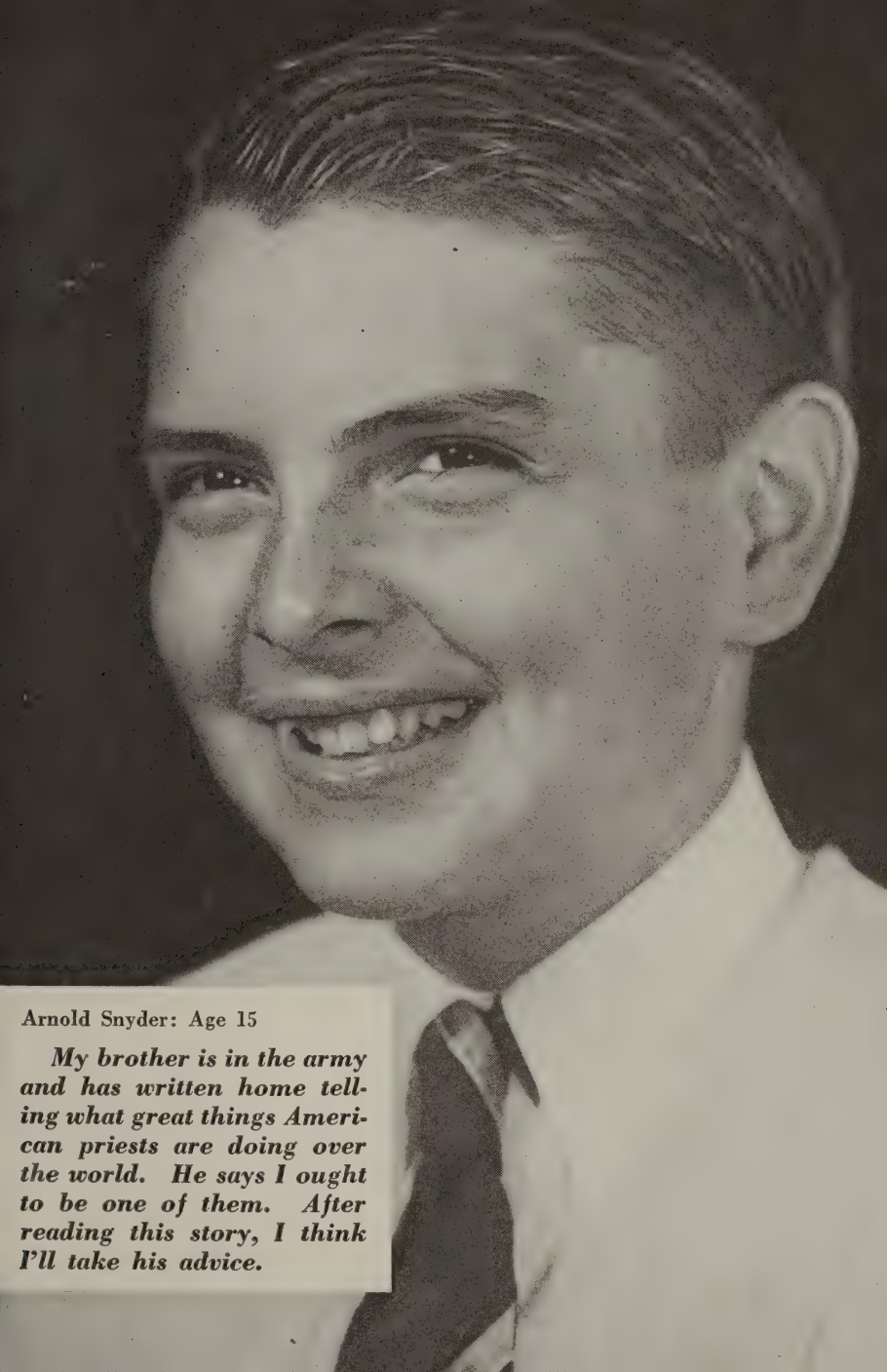
"Good morning." Unmistakable Californian accents sounded above the voices of the Chinese. I turned in surprise to see the cheerful face of an American aviator.

"It is good to be able to attend Mass out here," the young man said.

"And we are surely glad to have you," welcomed the Monsignor cordially. "Come along to the mission for breakfast and a chat with the Fathers."

As we were about to go, the man from Anhwei spoke: "Look, my son. The Beautiful Country of the Starry Flag sends to China both American comrades in arms and American messengers of eternal salvation."





Arnold Snyder: Age 15

*My brother is in the army and has written home telling what great things American priests are doing over the world. He says I ought to be one of them. After reading this story, I think I'll take his advice.*



## Cooperation wins the day

**I**N THE United States, an epidemic of whooping cough among the little ones brings discomfort, but hardly fear of death. Here, where there is widespread undernourishment and poverty, the situation is quite otherwise. Up in Riberalta, fifteen children died of whooping cough in two days. The epidemic was spreading so we made up our minds that something would have to be done about it before it struck here in Calacala.

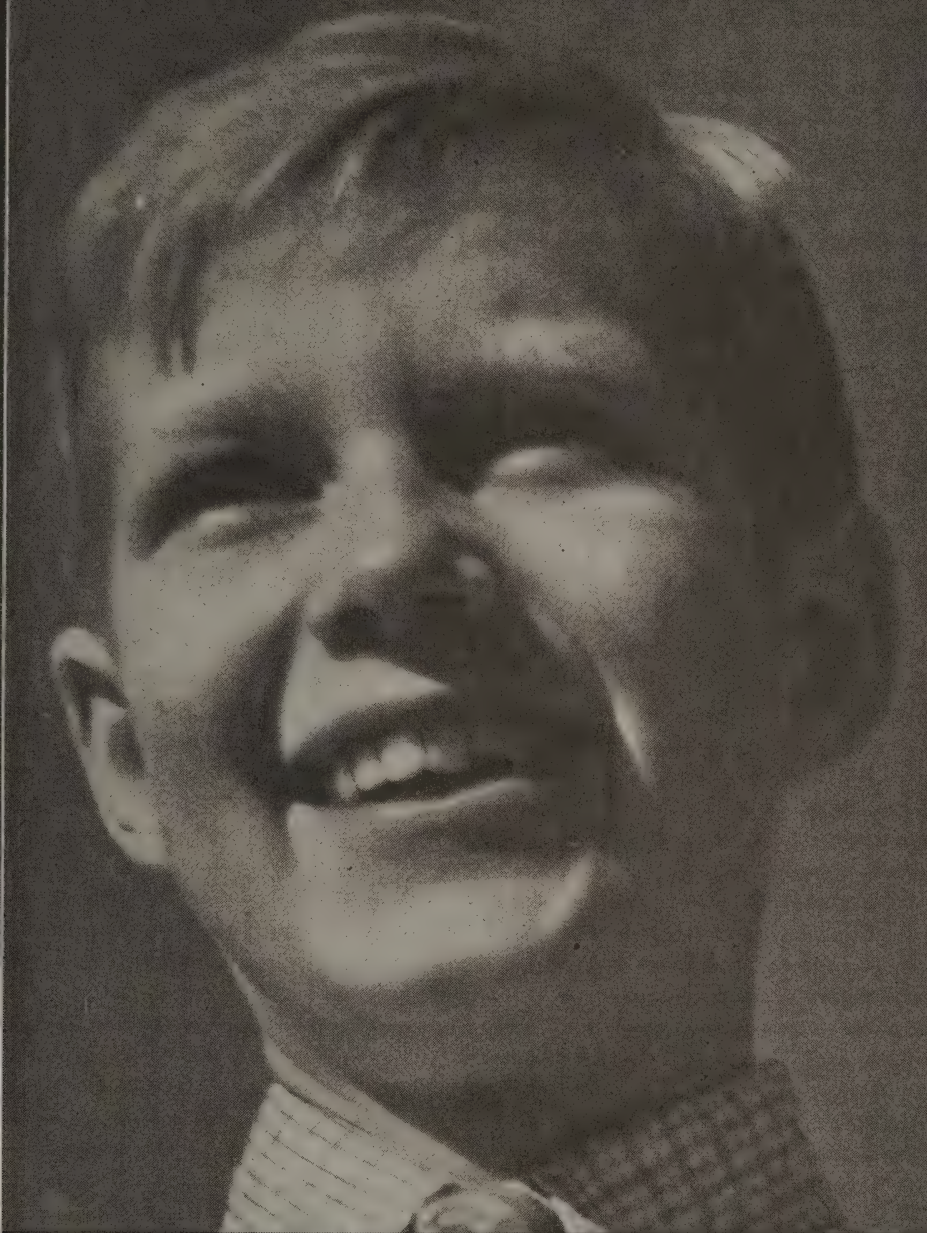
Dr. Payne, head of the American Medical Commission here, told us that he wanted to inoculate the children of the area, but the Indian parents would not permit him to do so. We knew that our people have a superstitious fear of modern medicine, so we set out to support the doctors. Announcements about the injections were made at all the Sunday Masses.

When the Indians saw that the Padres were urging the injections, they concluded the treatment must be all right. They hastened to bring the children to the temporary medical centers. We now have good hope that the little ones of Calacala will escape the dread disease.

A few days ago, one of our Indian girls was badly injured in an accident. I visited her in the hospital, where she was in great pain. When I asked the doctor if sulfanilimide was being used, he said there was none in Bolivia.

The American Medical Commission is expecting some. Dr. Payne is so grateful for our co-operation in fighting the whooping-cough epidemic, that he had promised us a whole carton of sulfanilimide for our mission dispensary as soon as the shipment comes in.





Edward Nugent: Age 12

*I'm too young to be a marine, so I'd like to be a Maryknoller so that when the war is over I can help build a better world where everybody can live nice and quiet and happy.*

# This is Maryknoll

"MARYKNOLL" is the popular name of a Society founded in the United States, the goal of which is to serve the World Church in winning followers for Christ over the world. The Archbishops and Bishops of our land, when establishing, in 1911, the "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America" and recommending it to the Holy Father for approval, proposed that it be not local or diocesan, but the child of all forty-eight States.

Cardinal Gibbons emphasized this peculiarly national role. He wrote of the proposed Foreign Mission Society:

*"It would be national in character, organized and sustained by priests of the United States, guided of course by the best traditions of similar institutions abroad. It would appeal to young men reared in this country."*

MARYKNOLL'S center and senior Seminary are at Ossining, New York. The Society has eight houses of preparation. Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 persons in the Far East and South America.

*High above the Hudson on a beautiful knoll dedicated to Our Lady (whence comes the name Maryknoll) stands the seminary. Here hundreds of young men from every part of the United States are being trained to carry over the earth the light and beauty of Christ.*





## PART TWO

# So you want to be a Missioner? . . .

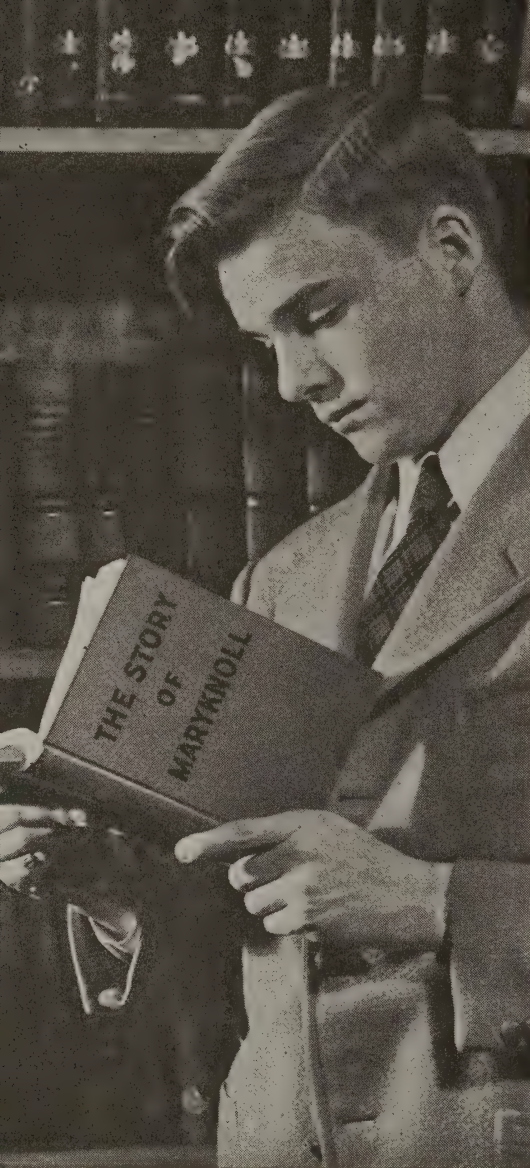
Once after I had finished speaking in a school in the Middle West, a young man came up to me and said:

“That was a swell talk you gave, Father. I’d like to help those Chinese. How soon can I leave?”

Helping the Chinese, or any other people, is not as simple as this boy would make it. There’s more to it than just packing a suitcase and jumping aboard a boat.

To become a good baseball player or a good doctor requires long and hard training. To become a good missionary likewise requires long education and formation. Maryknoll is training hundreds of young men from all parts of the United States to become missionaries, preparing them for the many hard tasks that lie ahead.

The pages that follow explain this training and where it takes place.



*Boys of America, you tread in the footsteps of heroes. How will you best serve, in your turn, the sacred ideals for which your elder brothers fought and died?*

## **You, too, can change the world**

SAY, young fellow, you with the book, how would you like to help build a better world? You're right; it is a pretty large order to change the world. But *you* can do it. As a matter of fact, you are just the one who has what it takes—you and thousands of young Americans like you. It is no fairy tale that you can influence the world and help to give it a course that will shape the destinies of men for centuries to come. Hundreds of other young fellows have thought about this, and are now devoting their lives to making this a better world to live in. The only trouble is, thousands are needed.

The idea may not have occurred to you yet. The crack of a bat, the thump of a football, or the cover of a book may have more immediate allure than the spread of the blessings of Christ over the world. But, after all, these things do not necessarily exclude one another. Then, too,



if you won't help the world out, who will?

**You can prevent it**

Yes, I heard you say you aren't good enough. But the chances are ten to one that you underestimate yourself. There are certain basic qualifications needed to make a good missionary. Let us see what they are:

- 1. **ZEAL.** You have to have this in some form to make a success in whatever you do. This time it will need to be an intense desire to help the world, to do good to your fellow men. If you have this, any obstacle will be just something to overcome.
- 2. **GOOD HEALTH.** This is an absolute necessity. There is no chance of doing good work in the outposts of civilization without it.
- 3. **AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE.** We are not looking for a genius; the fact is, we might not know what to do with him. What is needed is a boy who can, with reasonable application, assimilate his studies and put them to practical use after he gets them.
- 4. **NORMAL PIETY.** Don't let

that scare you. Normal piety is a love of God, a sense of His nearness, and some idea of what prayer is and how to do it. If you have that, you will manage.

5. **SENSE OF HUMOR.** This is essential. No matter what trial or difficulty comes your way, you must be able to see the interesting or amusing side. If it hasn't any amusing side, you must be able to come back with a grin, anyway.

6. **COMMON SENSE.** Freakish traits or lack of balance would be out of place in a missionary. You must have what is commonly known as "horse sense."

7. **GENEROSITY.** You must be generous with yourself and your time. You must be prepared to make sacrifices, to do whatever will further the cause of Christ.

Someone must bring the blessings of Christianity to the world.

What a magnificent opportunity awaits us!

Wouldn't you like to enlist? How about it? If you are interested, fill out the coupon below and send it to us.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.**

I am interested in becoming a Maryknoll missionary. I shall be glad to receive your free literature. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....DATE OF BIRTH.....  
STREET.....SCHOOL.....  
CITY.....CLASS.....



*Maryknoll College, at Clarks Summit, Pa., Maryknoll's oldest preparatory college*

## A day at the Venard

DEAR MOM:

The first thing we do every morning at the Venard is to get up. Many a morning I'd love to just roll over—if the day is to start well, you can't do that. Once out of bed, you can throw some water on your face, dress and get down to chapel for prayers and Mass.

I always look out the window on the way downstairs from the dormitory. The Venard has a big boating lake on one side and mountains on the other. Outside of Tremont Avenue in the Bronx (where I live), it's the most beautiful place in the world.

After Mass we have time to make our beds and tidy up. Breakfast follows. After finishing our wheaties and what not we have a recreation period. The boys who are old enough are allowed to smoke, and most all of us listen to the radio and find out how the Yankees are doing in the World Series, only this time it's not a ball team but an Army.

After this recreation we start the day in earnest. There is a study period and then the first class begins. It may be Spanish, History or Mechanics. At the Venard we learn a great many things. For example,



in one class we may be chanting Latin verbs while in the next we are calling out parts of an automobile motor as we dismantle it and put it together.

At eleven o'clock we have manual labor. Some of us may kill and cure pigs, others pull weeds on the farm, or act as plumbers, carpenters, or floor sweepers. There are not many things you can't do, after you get out of the Venard.

Just before dinner at mid-day we go to Chapel for brief spiritual exercises, and after dinner we have a short recreation, but the real recreation comes after our study period. Then we play handball, football, baseball or go swimming in one of the finest outdoor pools in these parts. Two afternoons a week are

free afternoons and then we can go walking off property or play sports all afternoon.

There are classes and study before supper and another recreation after supper. Then follows rosary and night prayers. Another study period is scheduled before going to bed. During this period we can go to the library or visit our spiritual director. Sometimes at this time we have a movie or basketball game or play. When the bell finally rings for bed, we are a pretty tired group of boys. But we wouldn't change this life for the world. We just live in expectation of the day when we will finally be missionaries.

Your loving son,

JACK.

*Carpentry and other skills will come in handy on some distant mission field*



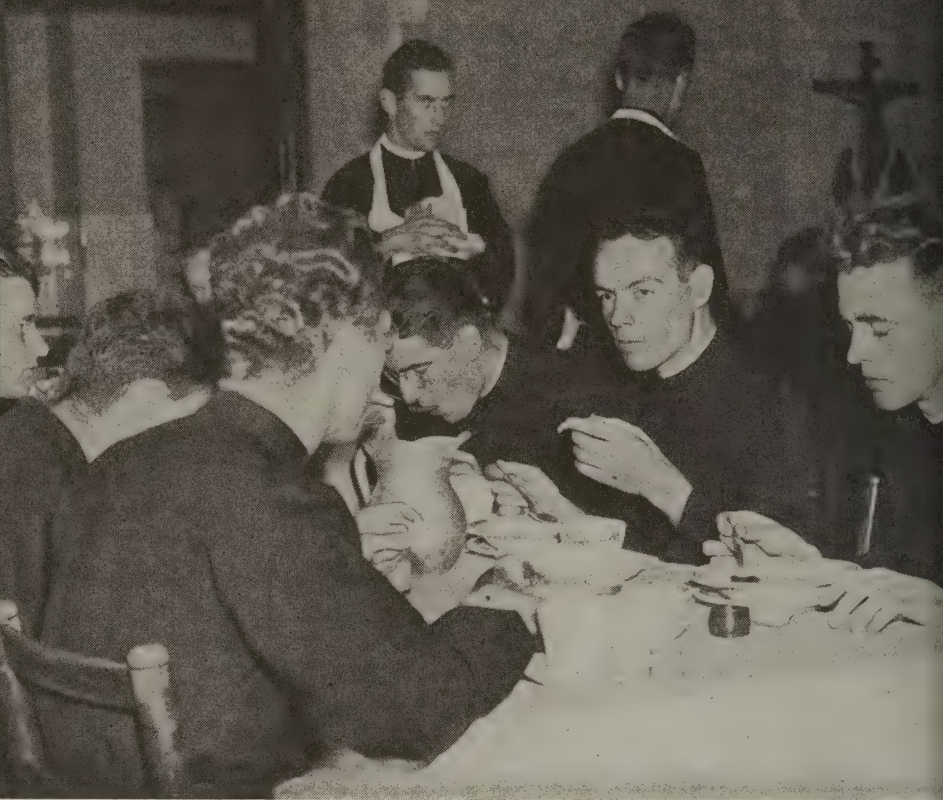


***All-American!*** These students at the Maryknoll Apostolic College come from Irish, English, Swedish, German, and French parents; and they live in widely scattered States. A striking proof that men of different nations and races can work towards a common purpose—the principle upon which America and the Catholic Church are founded. There is a place for you in Maryknoll.



*At Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson the future missionary receives his final training. Following ordination here he departs to whatever country he will serve in as a missionary.*





### **In the dining hall at Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson**

Besides the training of soul and mind that the average Maryknoll student for the priesthood receives during his years of training, special effort is made to build up a strong body as preparation for his life work on the missions. Meals in all the Maryknoll colleges are substantial even though simple.

A healthy body makes a healthy missionary. While he must have average health for his work in fields afar yet this does not mean he must have the extraordinary physique of a football halfback, a speedy runner or a champion boxer. All that is sufficient is that he have a clean bill of health.





*Only on horseback can the priest cover his jungle mission*

## Boots and Saddles

A MISSIONER in South America must know how to feel at home on a horse. Skyward climbs and steep descents, countless miles on the map, and innumerable gallops and canters are before him. He can't get around without a horse; and even with the horse, he needs to be a skilled rider.

So, to the course of training at Maryknoll, horsemanship has been added. Our seminarians are taught how to get along with a mount, following the trial-and-error period that embraces instruction in how to stay in the saddle.

Anecdotes of their horseback-riding lessons are numerous. One novice at posting complained bitterly that the horse could not seem to get into his rhythm! The treacherous

steed of another saw a guidepost in the way, ten seconds before his rider did. The horse missed the post!

Apart from the few falls that make the lessons amusing and the circus tricks of the horses that make them thrilling, the riding lessons are taking on the seriousness of other seminary classes. From Maryknollers already working in South America, the seminarians hear a great deal about the important role the horse plays in making their work successful.

### Mobile missionaries

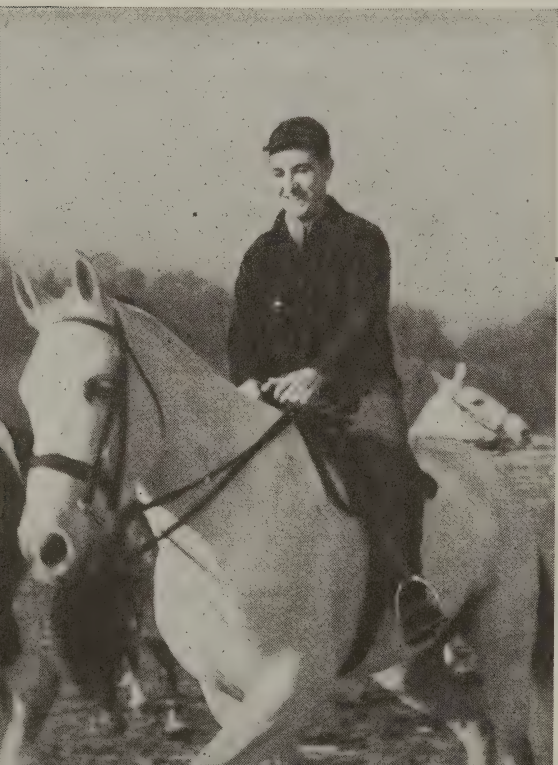
Bishop Escalante, writing from Riberalta, near the border of Brazil, has definite views on the subject.

"Many requests have come to me for horses and mules," he reports.

"We need horses for our priests who must be mobile missionaries, going to the settlements here and there in the heart of the jungle. I've just come back from a seventeen-hour horse-back ride, and I'm thinking that you should put another item in the 'want ad' column, suggesting that a pillow be furnished with each horse, for long trips in the jungles."

### **Ignacio's little siesta**

Father Danehy relates the story of a horse that is also the story of a boy. The horse was headstrong and fast on the getaway. The boy, Ignacio, was given to no such nonsense.



He liked reflection, refreshment, and a stolen siesta.

Father Ambrose Graham had a sick call to answer in a place called Ivon. Ignacio went with him. They rode along, soon soaked in perspiration from the jungle heat, and later they were drenched by a torrential downpour. A pause to dry out, a call at the sickbed, and soon both were on their way home again. Ignacio was lagging behind. Suddenly Father Graham was startled by clattering hoofs and an apparition speeding past. The apparition was horseflesh-in-a-hurry, and Ignacio's spirited mount was easily recognized. But where was poor Ignacio?

Alarmed, the priest began a hunt for the boy. He found him reclining at ease under a tree, cracking Brazil nuts. His adventurous steed was soon enough captured, and was on the road in time to run into the second tropical downpour. Priest, boy, and horses arrived back thoroughly drenched.

One fact is certain. The missionary in South America does need horses, and must know how to ride them. The seminarian at Maryknoll preparing to go to the missions should take his riding lessons seriously.





## Languages

are an important part of missionary training. Students at Maryknoll study Spanish, French, Chinese and Latin. All you need is average intelligence to get a good working knowledge of these languages so that when the time comes for you to leave for the missions, you will be able to speak to the people you are going to help. The missionary must be a well-educated man, but he doesn't have to be a genius.



*The Maryknoll College at Mountain View, Calif., blends the architecture of the old California missions and that of the Orient to symbolize the objective of Maryknoll "to bring to other lands what the missionaries brought to ours."*

For students for the priesthood Maryknoll has houses of training in: Akron, Ohio, Bedford, Mass., Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, Detroit, Mich., Mountain View, Calif., St. Louis, Mo. . . . If there is a Maryknoll house near you feel free to drop in for a visit.

*(Below) Maryknoll-in-St. Louis. (Right) Father George Carroll with future missionaries at Maryknoll in Akron.*









## Maybe you don't like walking . . .

**I**F YOU don't like to walk, Maryknoll is not the place for you. On the missions, walking is often the only way of getting from place to place.

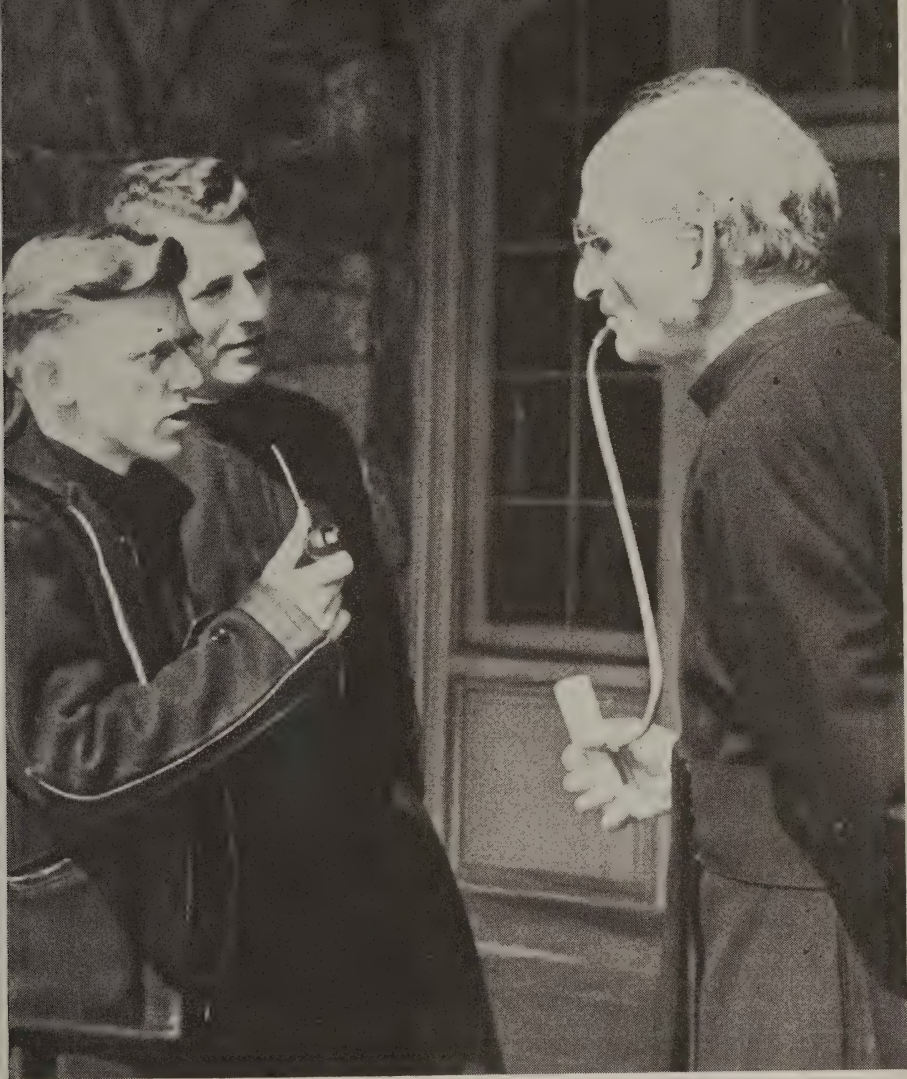
A missionary needs a good strong body if he is to succeed. Besides manual labor, recreation at Maryknoll is designed to put the student in top physical condition.

All sports—swimming, basketball, tennis, football, handball, baseball—are to be found going on during the

daily recreation period. All day hikes are held at frequent intervals and the student thus gets a taste of the kind of walking he will have to do on the missions.

After supper, recreation is in a more quiet vein, a time of general merriment and relaxation. Most of the boys sit and talk. There is bridge playing, checkers, chess, ping-pong and the radio. Every now and then an up-to-date movie is shown as a diversion.





### **Inside information . . .**

All the training is not in the classroom. Students meet and talk to priests who have spent many years on the mission fields. They get first hand knowledge of the countries where they will one day work. Two seminarians, since ordained and assigned to South America, get practical mission advice from Father Anthony Cotta who was a missionary in China and Madagascar.



## Look! I'm going there!

**S**TUDYING maps is an old pastime at Maryknoll. There has never been a student who after hearing his first assignment to the missions hasn't dashed into the library to look for his new home on a map. It's a great thrill when you can point on a map and say to a friend — "Look! I'm going there."

Assignments to the missions are given out just before ordination to the priesthood. Busy days follow. There are supplies to buy, boxes to pack, injections to be had against typhoid, malaria and yellow fever.

Only a few weeks before, the **GREAT ADVENTURE** still lay in

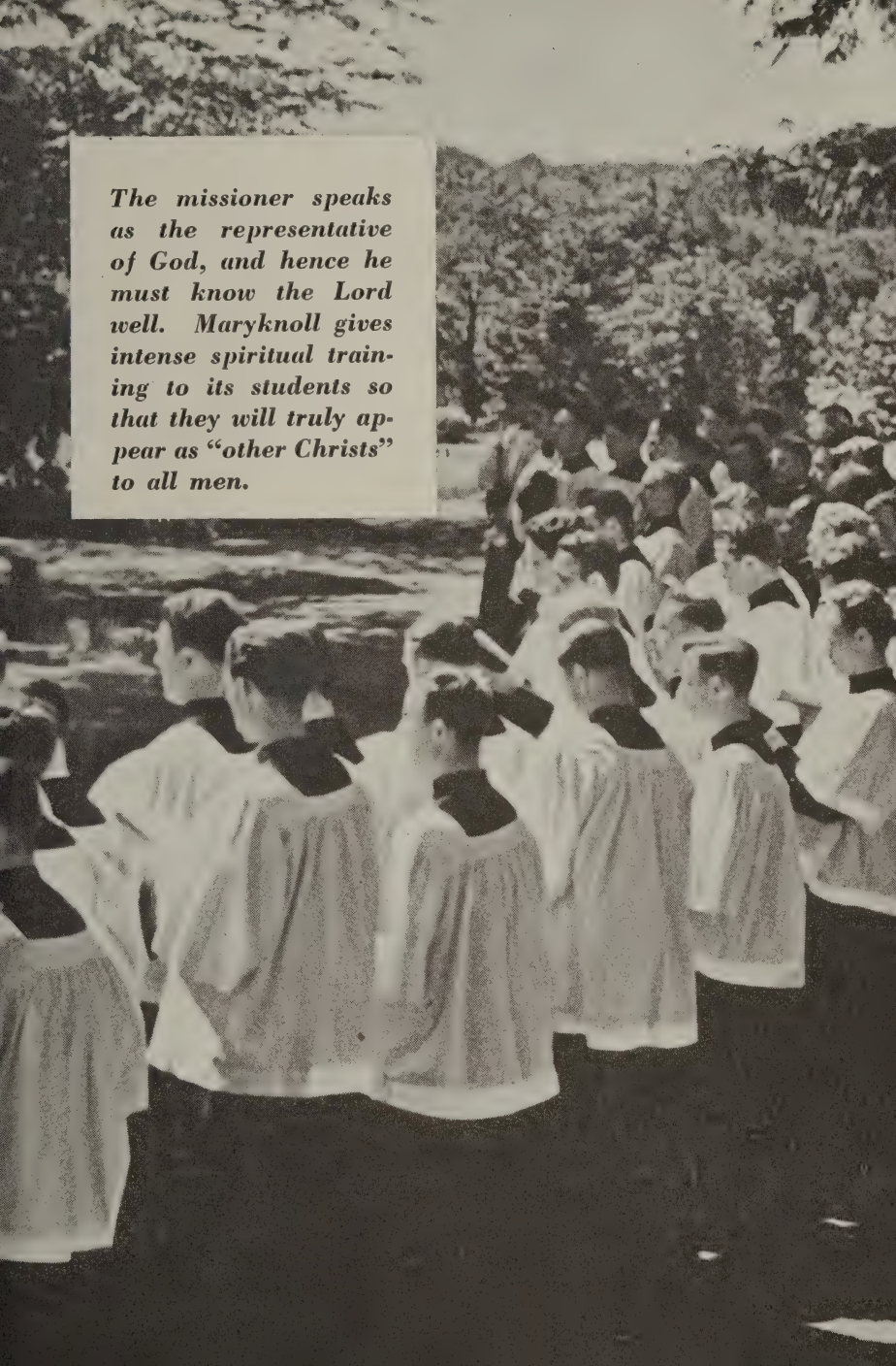
the future, then suddenly they are on their way.

Before them lie sweating jungles, deadly insects, tropical tempests, alien tongues and customs, perhaps loneliness. Yet they face nothing more than thousands of our soldiers are facing in all parts of the world.

Then one day standing by the rail of a boat, they see a rich, lush tropical land come into view. No longer is it just a place on a map—now it is home. As they leave the boat there is sadness in their hearts—sadness because they see the work that must be done and know that their numbers ought to be much larger.



*The missionary speaks as the representative of God, and hence he must know the Lord well. Maryknoll gives intense spiritual training to its students so that they will truly appear as "other Christs" to all men.*





*The tower of Maryknoll's Novitiate at Bedford, Massachusetts*

## **A Bedford novice writes home**

DEAR FATHER JIM:

As I'm not sure of your latest address, I'm sending this home to be forwarded. Now that you're a Navy chaplain, I can't keep up with you.

You know that I was a bit afraid of this novitiate business. What

would a fellow do with himself all day up here, I wondered?

Well, believe it or not, I haven't yet found any minutes to waste. You know how I always hated to turn out in the morning? I'm regulator just now, and have to get the



brethren up at 5:30 a. m. or else—! Then there are bells to be remembered until 9:30 p. m. It keeps me stepping!

We have only one formal class a day; and do we learn things about the missions from one who has actually worked there! That's one bell the fellows would like to have me forget, the signal for class to end.

We have two meditations a day, and go on retreat every Friday. Gives a man a chance to take stock, so I really look forward to these quiet times.

During the year we have to deliver three sermons—in the refectory. My first one came off yesterday, and every time I worked myself up to a top flight of oratory, someone would bang a dish!

Your brother who's learning a few things.

GEORGE.

DEAR MOM:

Get ready to go to Atlantic City for a good long rest, when my next vacation comes round. Yes, I'm a fully certified cook now!

You recall my writing you that we novices take turns at helping in the kitchen. My two weeks have just rolled by, with no major casualties.

The first week I was the community slave, washing endless pots and pans, stoking the stove, scrubbing the floor, and so on.

The second week, I advanced to the Number One position, and stood at our cook's elbow, learning the ingredients of her juicy Irish stews and New England boiled dinners. Mrs. Winn claims I have a positive talent for pie crust and hot muffins. If she's right, I'll be my future mission pastor's white-haired boy.

Your K. P. expert son,

GEORGE.

DEAR DAD:

Don't be timid about planting that Victory garden on the roof this spring, because I'll be able to give you all sorts of pointers. We're going agricultural in a big way. Most of our mission work will be among farming people, and we'll be out of step unless we're in a position to sympathize with their daily problems.

It's all very new to one used chiefly to the sidewalks of New York, but, strange to say, the porkers are getting to look like balloons under my tender care. I'm even acquiring a paternal interest in the chickens, silly as they are!

Your apprentice jack-of-all-trades,

GEORGE.

DEAR JOE:

Skiing and skating have been grand this winter. Now the tennis, handball, and volleyball fans will have their innings. The Concord River is super for swimming and boating.

So long, pal! I'm booked to teach a catechism class in the neighboring parish. Tonight I take my turn at helping Uncle Sam scan the sky for planes.

The novitiate year will be over before I know it. I've never been so happy anywhere, any time.

Hoping you'll write to me from here yourself some day,

GEORGE.

# **Ten Questions and Answers**

## **When can I go to Maryknoll?**

By a special arrangement recently made, you may now make your application to enter Maryknoll after finishing your eighth grade. In other words, students in high school or soon entering high school should immediately make application for entrance.

## **What will it cost me?**

While Maryknoll does not charge for tuition, where it is possible students are expected to pay \$25 a month for board and lodging until junior year in college, when this is reduced to \$15 a month for the two following years. When you go to the major seminary there is no further charge. In individual cases, where it is difficult to meet this charge, arrangements can be made to find sponsors to care for this expense.

## **What studies must I take to qualify?**

A solid groundwork in the following subjects is needed: Latin, English, a modern language (Spanish or French), History, Mathematics, Physics or Chemistry and Biology.

## **What part do my parents have in this?**

They have the privilege of knowing that their son is preparing for the highest career possible to man. Seldom, therefore, does a parent stand in the way of a son who wishes to become a missionary.

## **What is my position in regard to the draft?**

The Government in the Selective Service Act specifically stated that for the morale of the country it is necessary to have strong spiritual leaders. Since it defers all students for the priesthood, it is necessary to be accepted as a seminarian before you are called by your draft board. So it is recommended that you make application before graduation from high school.



## **What are the requirements for entering Maryknoll?**

If you are a Catholic boy of high school age possessing average intelligence, and good health you have the requirements. Many people have the strange idea that extraordinary qualities are needed for a Maryknoll missionary. Supermen are not needed—only average young Americans with good health, intelligence, normal piety, common sense, a sense of humor and zeal.

## **Do I ever get home again?**

High school and college students are given Christmas and summer vacations. Major seminarians are given summer vacations and priests in the mission fields come home for one year's leave of absence after ten years' mission work.

## **How do I know I have a vocation?**

If you have a real desire to help all men in all parts of the world for the sake of Christ you can be confident in preparing to be a missionary. . . . Consult your confessor and your pastor or a priest in your parish. . . . Pray to the Holy Ghost for light and guidance on this important matter. . . . Receive the Sacraments frequently.

## **How long does it take?**

After high school there are four years of college, one year novitiate and four years of theological training.

## **Is Maryknoll a religious order?**

No—Maryknoll is a society of secular priests representing the American Catholic clergy in the foreign missions.

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### PART THREE

## The world is yours . . .

They had meetings twice a week in a small room in the Bronx high school and college students listened to the atheistic leader. He talked well and with fire. . . . "The world is yours" he said "as big as you or as small . . . the old leaders have failed . . . you are the new young ones who must stand where they have fallen . . . the world is yours . . . will you leave it lie?"

Out into the dark cold night the boys meet with the deep conviction that the world was theirs to mould and make. That night was several years ago. Today we see the ruins of what they built on the blueprints of Hate.

But there is the Voice of Truth that calls to you and boys like you. "The world is yours . . . " it says . . . "and all its farthest men . . . go out into its corners and build on the plans of Truth and Love . . . go now before it is too late."

Maryknollers have heard the Voice of Truth and have gone before you bringing the Peace of Christ—building with spires of Eternity. But the world is not only theirs—it is yours, too. They beg now that you follow for the frontiers are far and hard and help is needed.

# It happened in Detroit

DINNER was just over. It was quite by accident that I was among those present. One of the guests, a friend of mine, had urged me to come along because he knew that most of the people who would be there had the usual strange prejudices about missionaries. He maintained this was an ideal chance to set them straight on the subject.

## Despite the warning

I thought it well to accept. The conversation at dinner touched on all sorts of subjects. Not one of them, though, had even a remote connection with the basic fundamentals which we are trying to spread and which have made possible the comforts and peace we all enjoy.

Quite suddenly the hostess herself brought up the subject. When all the guests were gathered together after dinner, she turned to me.

"Father," she said casually, "I know you're a missionary. Do you really think missionaries do any good?"

If only she had said, "Do you think they do a *little* good or *some* good," it wouldn't have been quite so startling. What an anti-climax to a difficult day!

For a moment I did not reply. The thought struck me that here was a classic example of how far off the beam we are, how too many of

us fight the very principle which has made us what we are. After a pause I turned to my hostess:

"Mrs. ———, if nobody was interested in spreading the principles of Christianity, women and girls ought to spread them from one end of the earth to the other. You yourself should be ready and willing to sacrifice anything to do this. Reflect for a moment, and you will agree that every privilege you have you owe to the dignity that Christ said belonged to womanhood.

## She got the point

"If you want to prove this, take a trip to some pagan country where Christ is not yet known. See the condition of countless millions of women and girls. Better still, go to one of the countries where they've done a fairly good job in the past ten or twenty years of kicking out Christianity. There you could see for yourself how woman has sunk to a form of slavery lower than was hers before Christ came, twenty centuries ago. Contrast this with the respect and deference which is today enjoyed by American women."

I went no further. My hostess turned to me. She said:

"I never realized that what your men are doing affects me and every other woman on earth. Forgive me."



# The Reader's Digest

*An article a day — of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form*

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR



JULY 1943



VOLUME 43, NO. 255

¶ A new Father Damien — “Big Joe” Sweeney, who lives heroically for the “numb ones” of China

## Connecticut Yankee at Heaven's Gate

Condensed from “Men of Maryknoll”

*James Keller and Meyer Berger*

THERE'S a little community in South China that the Japanese shun. Sometimes a bullet from their fort across the Kongmoon River kills a goatherd or a woman kneeling by a garden patch. Sometimes they fire a few shells and residents of Gate of Heaven village have to leave their mud huts and, led by a giant padre, hobble painfully to caves in the mountainside.

But the Japanese probably never will attempt to take Gate of Heaven, because it is the home of the *ma fung*, South China's lepers. *Ma fung* is Chinese for “numb ones.” Gate of Heaven is run by a lanky Yankee named Sweeney, of New Britain, Connecticut, a priest of the Maryknoll Mission Society, whom the “numb ones” have dubbed Big Joe. He is South China's Father Damien.

He has lived among the lepers the past ten of his 48 years; and it was he who led them from the South China graveyards, where they used to huddle in isolated misery, to their present refuge.

Big Joe, a 220-pound giant, six feet four in his socks, has a booming laugh and complete contempt for physical danger. He has undergone incredible risks for the lepers.

He runs the Japanese blockade in the South China Sea on dark nights to fetch medicines and food for his flock. When Japanese guns shatter the peaceful quiet of Gate of Heaven, Big Joe sings to bolster the *ma fung*s' spirits, and he makes them sing, too. His favorite is the Irish battle song, “O'Donnell Abu.” The *ma fung*s don't understand a word of it, but Father Sweeney bawls the solo parts

*“Men of Maryknoll,” which will include this story of Father Sweeney, is to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.*

and they join shrilly in the boisterous refrain: "On for Old Erin — O'Donnell Abu!"

Father Sweeney figures there are 1,000,000 lepers in China. They get little pity or help from their own people, many of whom believe that the victims have been cursed by devils. When Maryknoll sent Father Sweeney to them in 1933, he found them, he says, "in places worse to sight and smell than any pigsty. Here were starved, vermin-infested beings who slept on the ground at night and sat by day decaying in the sun. They were stoned if they approached a village. Only despair marked them as human."

The priest had spent several years preparing for his work. He studied in Damien leper colony on Molokai in the Hawaiian Islands, in China's asylum at Sheklung, and worked in the federal leprosarium in Louisiana. Like Father Damien he was compelled, in the beginning, to run outside from the lepers' huts to breathe fresh air. He knew that Father Damien and other missionaries among the lepers had died from the disease. He was prepared for that, too.

The first leper group Big Joe ministered to lived in a dark bamboo grove near the city of Toi Shaan. "Sitting around in that jungle darkness were deformed creatures with only stumps where hands or feet should have been," he recalls. "Many had distorted faces. I saw one afflicted Chinese woman, hideous to

behold, with a beautiful eight-months-old baby girl in her arms. The child, as is often the case with children of lepers, was spotless."

The lepers were suspicious of Big Joe. Why should a "big nose" (all white men are "big noses" to unlettered Chinese) come among them when their own people stoned them? Big Joe, in their own tongue, reassured them; he had come only to help. He distributed clean clothes sent by Maryknoll sponsors in the United States. It took months, but he got a well dug, built bathrooms, a kitchen and a dispensary. "The poor wretches coöperated as best they could," he says. "I encouraged them to plant flowers if they were unable to do anything else. The place was transformed into a little park."

Then Father Sweeney moved on to the Sun Wui gravelands, on the hills north of Toi Shaan. Here he found some 50 of the numb ones sheltered in lean-tos made from old coffins. They lived on the few vegetables they could nurse from the dank earth between burial mounds. They had no one to help them.

Big Joe put up clean bamboo shacks with palm-leaf roofs. He burned all the coffin-board hovels, the grimy beds and the loathsome mats. He cleaned the place with disinfectant and killed the rats with poisons. Here also he built a mud-brick dispensary and kitchen.

Former artisans among the lepers helped. They fondled the saws, ham-



## CONNECTICUT YANKEE AT HEAVEN'S GATE

mers and chisels as though they were priceless treasures; they were stirred to tears by these tools that they had never hoped to handle again.

Big Joe arranged a schedule to fill the lepers' day. There was Mass every morning, though the pagans among the lepers did not have to attend. After the service, the numb ones boiled their rice over dry-grass fires, received their medical treatment from Big Joe, and went to work in the truck gardens or flower beds. They found a new interest in life, and within a year the settlement was transformed. Clean huts gleamed in the warm sun. Transplanted banana, papaya and orange trees sweetened the graveland air. Beds of azaleas, peonies, hibiscus and bell-flowers delighted the lepers' eyes. The numb ones had never expected to know such pleasures again.

With contributions from Maryknoll, Big Joe bought bandages, ethyl esters of hydnocarpus oil and chaulmoogra oil from the Philippines. Oil treatments do not cure advanced cases of leprosy — there is no specific cure — but they seem to arrest cases in the incipient stage.

During his years in Sun Wui, Big Joe was often sorely tried. The tropical heat was oppressive; he was constantly beset by swarms of mosquitoes and flies; dampness mildewed beds, clothes and instruments. But he stuck it out, and his work won international recognition. It was praised at a meeting of the medical

section of the American Society for the Advancement of Science. And in 1936 the Chinese government granted 300 acres for a leper colony on the Kongmoon River.

During the torrid summer of 1937, Big Joe, with hired Chinese labor and a few of his leper artisans, hacked a site out of the wilderness. They laid foundations for a hospital, chapel, leper dwellings and kitchens. Orchards and truck gardens were prepared. It was back-breaking work but Big Joe strained shoulder to shoulder with the laborers, fighting snakes, insects and the elements.

At midnight on September 2 a typhoon struck. Before dawn the wind reached a velocity of 164 miles an hour, the worst typhoon in the recorded history of the region. It flattened every structure in their half-completed settlement. In the morning Big Joe found his laborers and leper artisans under collapsed sheds, terrified at the fury of the wind-devils but physically unharmed. He organized them and grimly began the job over again.

It was midsummer of 1938 before the work was done. Then he went back to Sun Wui, which the Japs by now were bombing, and brought the lepers from there to the new Gate of Heaven, where today he still works among them.

Oldest of Father Sweeney's leper flock is Lo Mo, which is Chinese for "Venerable Mother." She is 80 now, but her face gives a ghostly hint of

## THE READER'S DIGEST

former beauty. Father Sweeney does not know her true name. She won't tell it to anyone. One night long ago she crept away from her home to keep from her husband and children the stigma of the *ma fung*. She is proud that to this day they do not know where she went, nor why.

"Only once," she told Big Joe, "did I weaken through all those long years. One night I crawled back to my native village. I sat by the road with other beggars and I saw him who had been my husband. I saw my son, grown tall and handsome, but my daughter I did not see."

Her husband had looked in her direction as he went by, but he did not know her. Lo Mo told Father Sweeney, "In that moment my heart almost betrayed me. I thought it would leap through my throat and that I might cry his name, but I did not." She lifted her head proudly. "I did not cry out."

One night last fall, when Big Joe and his Chinese crew were running

the blockade to bring in food and oils a Japanese patrol boat intercepted them. There was an exchange of machine-gun fire, and then the Japanese rammed the blockade runner. Big Joe realized that his supplies were lost. If he were captured his lepers would suffer.

He slipped out of his garments and slid overboard into the warm, dark South China Sea. Japanese searchlights swept the waters but each time they came in his direction he ducked under the surface. He swam and floated for six hours and at daybreak stumbled, exhausted, onto the beach of an uninhabited island.

Two weeks went by, and the numb ones at Gate of Heaven were desolate. They prayed for Big Joe's return, without much hope. Then, one morning, the Japanese across the river were startled by the shrill rejoicing that swept the leper colony. A Chinese fisherman had found Father Sweeney, and Big Joe had come back to Gate of Heaven.

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## Padre, doctor, and judge

"**R**AMON is asking for you, Padre," says Gustavo, my Indian cook. "I told him to wait till you had eaten."

"Well, I've just about finished supper now," I tell him. "Have you any idea whether Ramon wants the Padre, the doctor, the judge, the food provider or the director of things in general?"

This is a standing joke between us by this time, so Gustavo is all ready with the answer: "Ramon's old mother is very sick. I think he wants the Padre and the doctor right now."

So runs the sort of dialogue that Gustavo and I engage in many times daily and, not infrequently, by night also. You see, I have to know what implements are needed before I leave home base. Lately, though, I've

given serious consideration to a kit which would serve all purposes.

The Bolivian Government entrusts great responsibilities to the priest in charge of the region known as *Mision Cavinass*. He cares for the spiritual and material wants of the fifty Indian families in the settlement. *Mision Cavinass* is not on most maps of Bolivia; but if you locate Riberalta, in the northeastern part of the country, you get your first cue. Then follow the Beni River on a five-day boat journey to the southwest, and you will be in our midst.

### Starting from scratch

There are industries to be built up for the support of my needy flock. Rubber will be good while the United States requires it so urgently for the war effort. After that, it won't be

worth the freight to ship it to Para, Brazil. So I am starting more permanent sources of income; sugarcane and coffee growing, agriculture in general, a small tannery, cattle-breeding, a brick and tile outfit, a small lumber yard, and a few other things. My building program includes more than seventy houses and a rectory.

When they are finished, I should know something about making bricks and tile. You see that I am having busy and happy days out here in the wilderness.

Another one of my enterprises is to open up a makeshift airport here. I have a contract with a United States air company for this.

I am planning to buy back, as soon as I shall have accumulated some funds, more than thirty families of Cavinass Indians who are living in a

form of slavery on some outside rubber plantations. Then I shall have a full "family," and the Padre-factotum will be busier than ever.

When an Indian is sick out in the woods, the family sends a boy to the rectory to tell me. As the trip is apt to last some twenty-four hours over the sun-scorched plains and through the dark jungles, I try to discover before-hand what the patient is suffering from.

"Has your father fever, José?"

"Sure, Padre!"

No matter which I suggest, the patient has it. So I find it best to start out equipped with medicines for all tropical diseases. Tropical ulcers are what I meet most often. I am grateful for my hospital work in the States, and for my two months' training in Riberalta with a specialist in tropical ulcers.

*The church at Mision Cavinass is made entirely of hand-sawed lumber*





## At prison altars

THE gymnasium in the Japanese prison camp in historic Mukden, Manchukuo, was unheated, and the outside temperature must have been below zero. The gymnasium was the place where we were going to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion.

We had asked permission for this Mass and, after our plea had been passed along from one official to another, we learned that it had been granted. We were a group of nine Maryknoll priests and two Sisters, and had been in the camp since the beginning of the war.

In the corner of the gymnasium were stacked sections of a portable stage platform. We rested one of these sections across two chairs. That was our altar, just about the right height. We set up the vestments, and the senior priest in our group began the first of a succession of prison Masses that finally reached an astonishing total.

The rest of us, with the Sisters, heard that first Mass and received Holy Communion. The guard teetered nervously behind us. He was obviously suffering from the intense



*Father Michael Henry*

cold. One could not help feeling pity for him. We were physically cold, but spiritually glowing; while he was both physically and spiritually frozen.

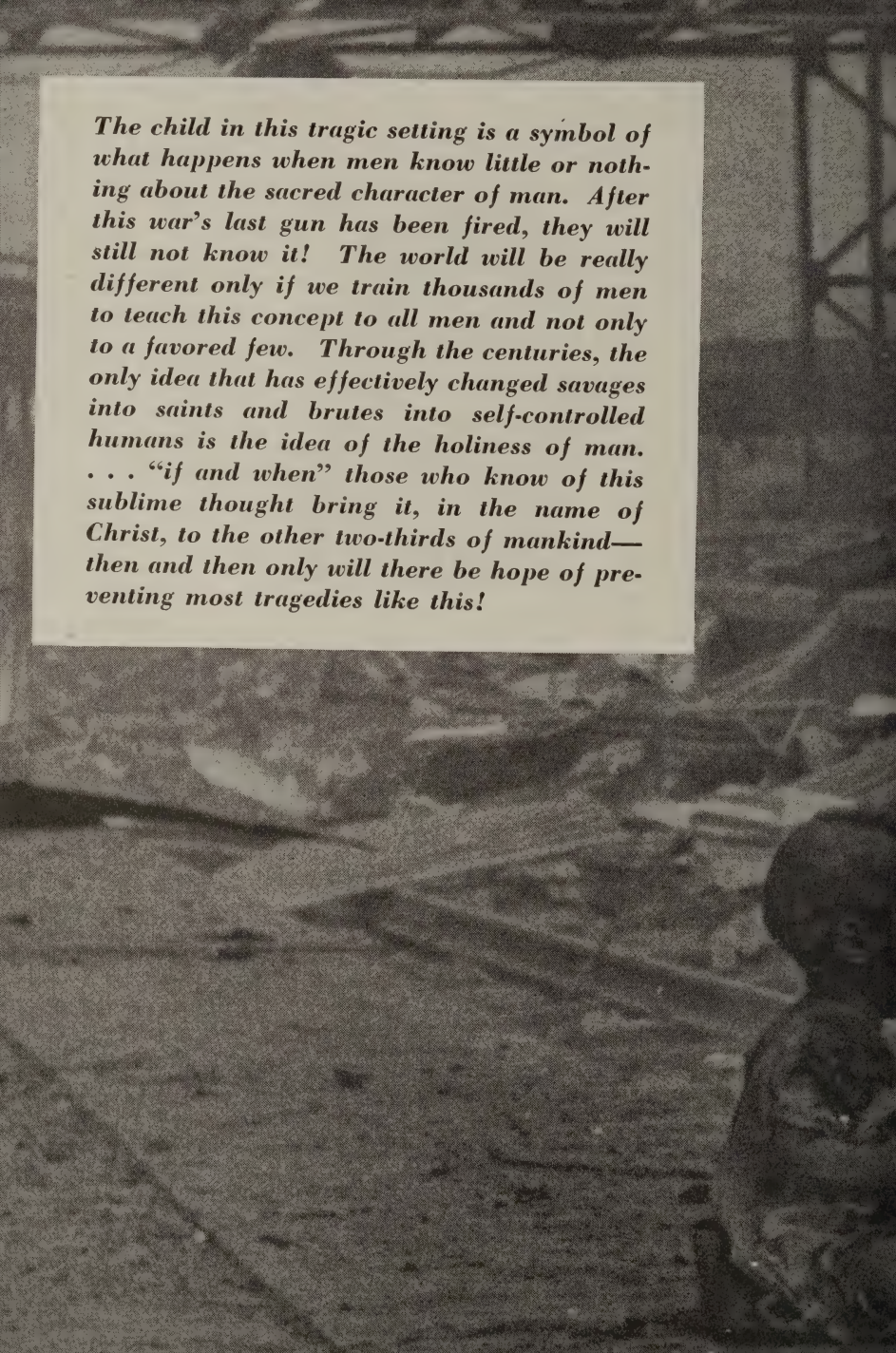
The guard led us back to our "living room" and locked us in again, but we had a new lease on life and could stand anything. Every morning after that the same pro-

cedure was carefully followed.

Soon Bishop Lane and the priests who had been interned at Fushun were transferred to our camp at Mukden. The number of priests increased to twenty-four, the number of altars to eight, the number of sacristans to five, and our chapel became "the Cathedral."

During four months and a half, we celebrated an estimated total of 2,700 Masses in that prison cathedral. Needless to say our relatives, friends, benefactors, Maryknoll, our poor Christians, and our missions were remembered in all of them.

We recited the Rosary daily, had night prayers in common, and chanted the invocation at the end of night prayers, just as we did in our student days at Maryknoll.



*The child in this tragic setting is a symbol of what happens when men know little or nothing about the sacred character of man. After this war's last gun has been fired, they will still not know it! The world will be really different only if we train thousands of men to teach this concept to all men and not only to a favored few. Through the centuries, the only idea that has effectively changed savages into saints and brutes into self-controlled humans is the idea of the holiness of man. . . . "if and when" those who know of this sublime thought bring it, in the name of Christ, to the other two-thirds of mankind—then and then only will there be hope of preventing most tragedies like this!*

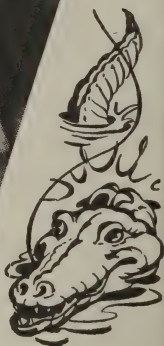
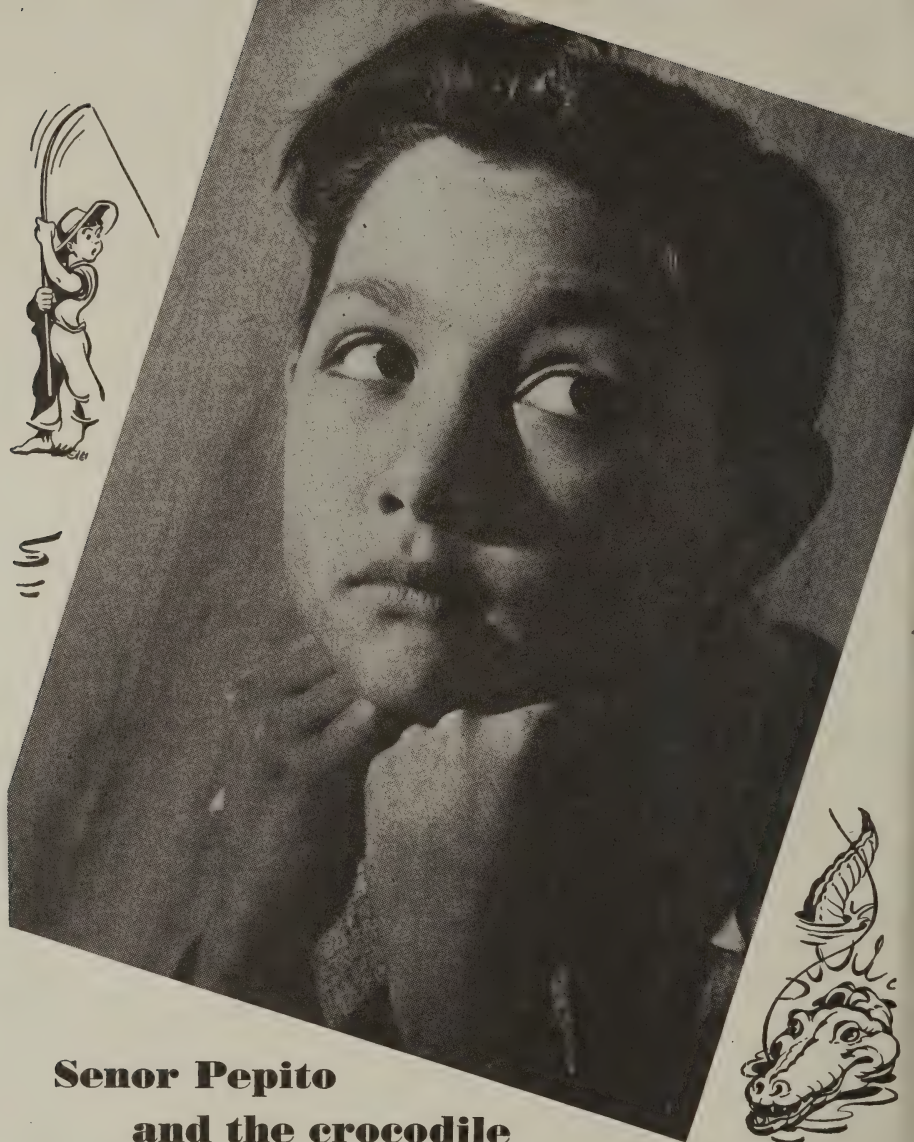








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## Senor Pepito and the crocodile

"IF I had that fishing pole, I'd catch the biggest fish in the river," said Senor Pepito.

Senor Pepito was only twelve. "Senor" was a name, not a title. There were other Pepitos in his inland

Bolivian village, so our Pepito had to have an additional name. Perhaps Senor was tagged on him because of his manly talk and carriage. Certainly, in his ambition to catch the big fish, Pepito was quite an adult.

Senor Pepito was small, with olive skin, black hair, dark twinkling eyes, and a smile that meditated mischief. He had the drowsy inattention and the far-seeing gaze that befits a fisher boy. When Senor Pepito first saw the American priest, he did not know quite what to make of him. He had heard his mother, Donna Maria, tell about the men of God.

"You must be good to the Padre," Donna Maria had said. "He has come from far off to help us. Do everything you can to help him. Show him we want him here."

So it happened that, as Father Fowler entered his two-room rectory, he saw Senor Pepito standing at the door. "I have come to help you, Father," said Senor Pepito shyly.

"Good," answered Father Fowler. He placed a cordial, welcoming hand on the child's shoulder. "Come in. What's your name?"

Senor Pepito told his name, then looked about him with the sharp eyes of curiosity.

"And what do you really think you would like to be when you grow up?"

"A fisherman, Padre; a great fisherman! eagerly answered Senor Pepito. It was his life's ambition! A fisherman.

#### **A miraculous rod**

Did the Padre ever see the fishing rod that looked so beautiful in the mail-order catalogue? With that,

now, he could catch the biggest fish in the river! But the American priest had a better idea. He had brought a fishing rod from the United States, and if Senor Pepito was as anxious as all that about fishing, why, the Padre would gladly lend it to him.

Senor Pepito glowed with happiness. But his eyes bulged when he saw the Padre's fishing gear. Why, it was bigger and better than the one in the catalogue! It was really beautiful.

"What a fisherman I could be with that!" cried Senor Pepito.

"Come back tomorrow, and you can go fishing with it," Father Fowler promised.

Next morning Senor Pepito was waiting for the priest before Father Fowler had completed Mass in the little jungle chapel. The Padre took him to the rectory and presented him with the pole. "Take good care of it, now," he cautioned.

"Oh, I will," said Senor Pepito; "I certainly will!" He started headlong for the door—then checked his rush an instant, exclaiming, "What a fisherman I shall be now, Father! What a fisherman!"

#### **Big? It was too big!**

Senor Pepito hurried toward the muddy river that sometimes murmured and sometimes roared above the village. Bait was deftly applied, and the rod whistled through the air.



In plunged hook, line, and sinker. Slowly Senor Pepito began to reel in the line, as the Padre had shown him.

Then the line began to pull back at him. A bite—a big one! "I've caught a big fellow!" Senor Pepito shouted excitedly to no one.

The yellow river churned and boiled. The catch wasn't just a big fish, it was tremendous. A tail flashed out of the foaming river. Senor Pepito stared in consternation.

"A crocodile!" he screamed. He shrilly commanded the crocodile to get off the line. But his words didn't do a bit of good.

#### **An unequal struggle**

The crocodile started away. Senor Pepito's rod hummed; as the line played out to the end. He started to match his twelve-year old strength against the crocodile's. Either Senor Pepito was going to pull that crocodile out, or that crocodile was going to pull Senor Pepito in. An unequal struggle, it could have only one ending if it went on. Sobbing, Senor Pepito let the pole go, and the crocodile plunged off with it—to wherever crocodiles go with fishing rods.

A small boy plodded gloomily back to the house of the Padre. Gone was the bounce and vanished the effervescence of Senor Pepito, world's number one fisherman.

"Senor Pepito, what has happened?"

Empty arms and a tear-stained face gave the answer. Father Fowler

felt a little regret; it had been a pretty fine piece of fishing tackle, and he had been looking forward. . . .

"Oh, that's all right," he assured the shamefaced lad. "We'll get another pole from the United States." To himself he added, "Maybe."

Senor Pepito brightened, "You're not angry, then, Father?" he asked.

"No, not at all, Senor Pepito." And when he had heard the story of the astonishing encounter, the priest added: "You could not help it. It is better to lose a fishing pole than a boy—especially a good boy."

#### **Pepito, the unforgiving**

Senor Pepito smiled. He was forgiven. But he hadn't forgiven himself. He spoke sternly:

"It was very foolish of me, Padre-sito. But I will repay my debt to you. I will work here about the church and rectory until I have done enough to repay you—even though it takes one hundred years."

The Padre eyed the barefoot boy, musingly. Yes, there was something very fine in that little fisherman of his. What a link there was between fishermen and savers of souls! Were not Peter and many of the other Apostles fishermen?

Some day, when the Padres from Maryknoll would be able to open a seminary for South American vocations, a really fine fisherman might not be so bad. After all, Senor Pepito was growing fast. . . .



## They made me village dentist

FROM the porch at San Vincente I can watch the whole life of this jungle clearing pass in review. San Vincente is similar to a score of other posts scattered throughout the Bolivian jungle region. All around is a thick green wall, ever ready to advance and cover with lush undergrowth the half dozen ramshackle houses. The daily life of the settlement pulses about its trading post, and upon this post the people for

many surrounding miles depend for their existence.

This afternoon, while I was chatting with the storekeeper, young Pablo Gonsalez came up and asked to borrow a large pair of forceps. He seemed disturbed and the storekeeper asked him what his trouble was.

"My wife is in agony," he explained. "Because of aching teeth, she has not slept for a week. If



peace is to come under my roof again, those teeth must come out."

"You are going to pull them yourself?" I inquired.

"There is no one else in the whole jungle who will do it."

"Have you ever pulled teeth before?" I asked.

"No," replied Pablo, "and I have no liking to begin now."

The storekeeper interrupted to say that, as there was no dentist within several weeks' journey, the people had to pull their own teeth when pain became unbearable. He himself had seen one agonized fellow yank out his own tooth with a tree-cutting instrument.

"But the danger of infection!" I exclaimed.

"Infection can be no more painful than an aching tooth."

Pablo meanwhile had gone inside and brought out the huge forceps. As I had been assistant to the Seminary dentist at Maryknoll, in the States, I thought it wise to suggest a few precautions, and went to get my medicine kit to give the man a little alcohol for sterilizing purposes. When I returned, I found him earnestly whispering to the storekeeper. Then I realized that I was to be persuaded to do the job. From the moment I said I knew a little about teeth, I was elected to be the village dentist.

Pablo took me to his wife, while the storekeeper told the other people of the settlement what was to hap-

pen. In my three years with Doctors Foley and Kerrigan, at Maryknoll, I never saw anything like the lady's teeth—they were mere shells. I could certainly appreciate my patient's moans of suffering.

I pushed the gum away, and the woman cried with pain but insisted that I go on. The forceps were almost too large to go into her mouth. Once they slipped. I wished that I had just a few bits of essential equipment. I had to pull hard, praying all the while that the tooth would not break. It came at last, roots deep but straight.

#### **I shall return**

Before I left, there were six more patients waiting in line. It was a good afternoon's work. I promised the people that, on my next visit, I would take care of anyone in the vicinity who needed help.

I am writing this from San Vincente, while waiting for a canoe to take me home to Cobija. I hate to leave. I'd like to go and baptize that young woman of Ultimato, who has been waiting so long that she already has a child of her own to be baptized. I want to baptize the seventy or so youngsters, scattered within a radius of many miles. I want to continue the catechism classes I started here in San Vincente among the few children of the clearing.

However, time is up. I must go. But I shall return. Someone must come back to God's beloved.

## **What will be the next greatest discovery? . . .**

I think the greatest discovery will be along spiritual lines. Here is a force which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of man and history.

Yet we have been merely playing with it and never seriously studied it as we have the social forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and forceful.

Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have been hardly scratched.

When this day comes the world will advance more in one generation than it has in the past four generations.

CHARLES STEINMETZ.

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### **Episcopal Blessing at Guadalupe**

Under the famed picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Bishop Alonzo Escalante confers his first episcopal blessing following his consecration in the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico City. Bishop Escalante has under his care the newly formed Vicariate of Pando, situated in the rough jungle land of Northern Bolivia. He was a missionary in Manchukuo for over nine years before his assignment to South America.

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**S**KULL crusher — Going through the jungle on horseback is quite an experience in Cobija. Jaguars and wild boars infest the place. But meeting an animal is not nearly as dangerous as having a cocoanut fall on your head. Many an Indian has had his skull crushed by one of them. So I am on the lookout for all falling cocoanuts!

—FATHER RAYMOND BONNER,  
of Ardmore, Pa.,  
now in Cobija, Bolivia.

“Old Country” wonders—Many stories of America were prompted by the questions put to the pastor by the newly baptized. Distance perhaps gives one certain liberties in describing things in the “Old Country.” If I added a few extra stories to the Empire State Building, or a few extra miles to the Oakland Bridge, it was just to drive home the great size in both instances.

The fact that there are no water buffaloes in America interested the little lad from Han T’ian. He is thinking of saving his coppers and taking a buffalo to America. There he plans to charge ten cents a head

for a “look-see.” The gathering broke up when someone told about a house built with fish bones.

—FATHER JOSEPH COSGROVE,  
of West Newton, Mass.,  
now in Chuanchow, China.

Figure it out—It was after the Japanese had brought up their big guns and were trying to search out the guerrillas, who were armed only with rifles, that old Fung Paak gave us his expert opinion on why China is certain to win the war.

“Look here,” said he, “one guerrilla will sit up on Kwai Fung Mountain. Every fifteen minutes he will shoot a two-cent, homemade bullet at the group of Japanese soldiers gathered on Elephant Mountain. The Japanese will get their thirteen soldiers to ram the cannon and fire a great big shell, which will only hit the side of the mountain. It costs about \$85 to shoot that big gun once. They fired it sixty-three times yesterday. . . . Figure it out for yourself.

—FATHER WARREN BRENNAN,  
of Cincinnati, Ohio,  
now in Fachow, China.



# Out of Bolivia

## The old meets the new

IN LA PAZ, the simple antiquities of ancient Bolivia are disturbed by the mechanics of modern civilization.

Streamlined dwellings of no particular architectural type stand near



*Rev. Frederick Walker*

beautiful old monuments of the past. Automobiles speed past herds of llamas, the latter loaded down with firewood or grain and stepping daintily along in caravans before the brandishing whips of their Indian masters. Indians from the Altiplano, with their rude, homespun apparel—the earlapped hats, the battered sandals, the vest-like coats—brush against the spotless evening dress or morning suit of the Bolivian merchant or politician.

In the church where we said Mass, the Indian ladies sat contentedly on the floor; their men folk huddled timidly at the rear of the church

while a few sat in the sanctuary. Here, at last, the new did not clash with the old. The priests from the United States were already at home; they were united with the people through a glorious Faith—ever ancient, ever new.

—FATHER FREDERICK P. WALKER,  
*of East Boston.*

## Progress in the Pando

The struggle with the language has been going on daily, and rather shortly I hope to be able to hold my own with our parishioners. The people grow increasingly friendly. At first, they were cautious, or rather curious to discover just what *kind* of Padres we were. Visits to the sick, catechism classes for the children, and after-school games for the youngsters served as introductions. Attendance at Mass has increased.

The big work is instruction, in



*Rev. Thomas Danehy*



*Rev. James Logue*

season and out. Just how much we shall give the elders will depend on our ingenuity and, of course, on God's grace. We are quite hopeful for the coming generation, for all the schools were opened to us at the beginning of the term.

—FATHER THOMAS DANEHY,  
*of Manitowoc, Wis.*

### **Town Hall Today!**

My first Mass at Guayara was a Mass of Requiem. I had given Father Fowler my only set of black vestments, so I had to say the Mass in white. I dropped over to see the alcalde (the mayor), and several of the other notables, but could get no aid in finding any house. We finally agreed there was not a vacant house in town. So I shall say Mass in the Town Hall each day.

The alcalde recommended seven o'clock for the Sunday Mass. The ladies of the village preferred a nine o'clock Mass. I decided to say both Masses, and see which was better attended. I arrived at the Town Hall

at seven and found it closed; only two boys were waiting. I was told it was impossible to open the doors, because the Government documents were kept there; but it was soon arranged that the Town Hall would be opened at nine o'clock. It was just as well, since there had been nobody for the seven o'clock Mass.

At the nine o'clock Mass there were nearly fifty people.

The next day there was a big turnout for Mass. At least a hundred persons crowded in and out of Town Hall. They had to stand or kneel. The floor is paved with bricks. If it weren't the Town Hall, I should be able to do something about it.

—FATHER JAMES LOGUE,  
*of New York.*

### **Fire Alarm**

After a rather busy day we retired at eleven, anticipating a good night's rest. That was not to be. At about one o'clock in the morning, a man rapped at the door, asking to be admitted to the church so he could ring the bell. We learned later this bell also serves as Riberalta's only fire alarm. The bell clanged for fifteen minutes, keeping everybody awake. A grass covered hut on the outskirts of town had caught fire. Nothing can be done to stop such fires, but everybody helps to prevent their spread.

—FATHER ROBERT FRANSEN,  
*of Glendive, Mont.*

## His mother said, "No!"

JACK was finishing his sophomore year. He had decided not to return to Fordham in the fall. Instead, he planned to enter the Maryknoll Seminary, to prepare himself to be a missionary. A short time before, we had given him an application form, which had to be filled out before he could be accepted.

He came in one day, telling us that the application was completed in every detail except one. His mother had refused her permission. The application said the permission was necessary. Jack assured us that his mother's "No!" was definite, unmistakable. China, she said, would have to get along without him.

Jack's face showed the problem was a vexing one for him. He was torn between two strong impulses. He wanted to go out into the world and help others, but he had a deep love for his mother, too.

### It surprised Jack

"Jack," we told him, "Christ said to go out to the whole world. I can't imagine your mother, as a follower of Christ, saying, 'Don't go.' She doesn't really mean that. It's just the reaction of the first shock; she is thinking of your being far away and separated from her. She doesn't get the point. Why, think what Christ is doing if He does

choose you, her son, to represent Him among millions of human beings who will never know Him unless young men like you go to them in His name.

"Take it from this angle, Jack. Picture a young Nazi who comes to his mother, also devoted to the cause, for permission to go out and spread Nazi ideas over the face of the earth. Can you imagine such a mother standing in the way of her son? No. She'd say: 'What are you waiting for? Go to it, my boy! Go!—by all means!'

"Christ, you know, didn't put a mileage limit on that word—Go. He didn't say: 'You needn't go here—or there. You don't have to cross the seas; never mind the peoples in the far-off places!' On the contrary, Christ was almost explicit. 'Going, therefore, teach all nations.' Not just some, not a few, but ALL. He meant what He said.

"One more thing, Jack. You can look all through the Gospels, and we wager you won't find any place where Christ said you don't have to go if your mother doesn't want you to. But you will find that He put it down very definitely that the person He calls should not let father, mother, sister, uncle, aunt, or anyone else cause him to waver. He couldn't have been more emphatic about this, Jack.



"Just one thought before you go, Jack. One little message we should like to send to your mother. When you get back home, tell her that we suggest she pick out some quiet room in the house, lock the door, and then kneel down in the middle of the room and with outstretched arms pray for a full hour. Her prayer is to be in thanksgiving to God that He has blessed her with a son who in these times is anxious to go out into the far corners of the earth and put into the hearts of as many men as possible the goodness and fineness she

has put into him. Good-bye, Jack."

A few days later Jack came back. He breezed into the room. Before he could say a word we said it for him.

### **She changed her mind**

"You don't have to tell us, Jack. It's written all over your face. Your mother's changed her mind. Right?"

Jack beamed. "Right!"

"Grand! You've made your first convert. All you have to do now is to go out and make a few thousand more."



### **American soldiers in China**

*As remote from each other as two nations can be, the peoples of China and America are united by a close bond. To a large extent, the missioner is responsible for the feeling of comradeship which prevails between the two peoples.*

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**As evening's shadows** lengthen, Maryknoll seminarians pace up and down the cloister, reciting their Rosary. Many are the intentions of their prayers these days. They remember benefactors, brothers and sisters in the armed services, fellow Maryknollers working in the front lines of the missions; and they ask God for more recruits for the army of Christ.



# Honorable Mother

AH CHAI deposited her burden affectionately in the rear of the Gae Moon chapel. Her strong young arms had carried the little old lady with willing ease.

"Shall you be all right for an hour, Lo Mo?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," Lo Mo assured her, with a smile that was somehow beautiful in spite of the terrible havoc wrought by leprosy on her once-lovely face. "Go for your treatment."

Ah Chai stepped out briskly into the South China sunshine and hurried towards the dispensary. Her case was not a serious one, and she had every hope of a cure. On the other hand, Lo Mo was in the last stages of the dread malady. Her hands and feet were mere stumps. How could the old lady be so tranquilly happy?

"I wonder why everyone calls her Lo Mo, 'Honorable'?" the girl asked herself.

## A voluntary castaway

As a matter of fact, the Maryknoll Fathers who directed the Gae Moon leper colony had first bestowed this title on their most patient sufferer. They alone knew that she had once presided over a wealthy household in Sun Wui, as the wife of a successful merchant and the proud mother of a beloved little daughter.

That had been almost half a century ago. Lo Mo was close on seventy now, and her daughter's children were grown men and women.

In the lepers' chapel, Lo Mo meditated peacefully. The presence of other worshipers was in no way a distraction. She was glad they were there, but her attention was all for the Dweller in the Tabernacle. She began her daily talk with God.

"That was a frightful moment when I first discovered the white spots on my arm," she reminded her Friend. "I poured boiling water on them and pricked them with a needle, but there was no sensation. Then I knew that, at the age of twenty, I was a leper.

"People would shun my husband and kill his business if they found out his wife was a leper. There was a chance that my baby girl had not been infected. My duty was clear. I had to disappear and lose myself forever. I am not saying I did not think of killing myself. I was so young, my life had been so happy, and I loved my baby. The future promised nothing but horror."

The old lady paused a moment, then smiled full at the tabernacle.

"But You were there, even though I did not know You then," she continued. "You did not let me kill myself."

The reels of memory went on unwinding themselves. Lo Mo saw herself stealing out of her own home by night, afraid even to hold her baby in a farewell embrace. She remembered, too, how heartbreakingly beautiful her garden had been in the moonlight.

There had followed the lonely journeying northwards, the nights spent in a ditch or in an open field. After a week, the little store of food she had taken with her was exhausted. There remained only to return to the traveled highways; and she, who had been waited on by many servants since birth, had been obliged to sit by the roadside and beg.

Outside the city of Canton, she had found a colony of leper outcasts. She joined them, sharing their squalor and misery for twenty-five years.

#### **From a bamboo thicket**

"At the end of that time," Lo Mo told her Listener, "I decided to return to Sun Wui. I was so disfigured I knew no one could recognize me.

"One afternoon I slipped past my former gatekeeper. I hid in a bamboo thicket. After a while a young woman and three children came out of the house. I had no difficulty in recognizing the young mother as my daughter. I almost died in the bamboo thicket that time, from the joy and sorrow of that sight.

"Things grew worse and worse with my body after that. It began

to be impossible for me to take care of myself. I had not gone back to Canton, but had drifted to a leper camping ground in an abandoned cemetery outside Sun Wui. The end appeared near. I did not know then that it was so soon to be the beginning, my ever-blessed Lord.

"You came when the Maryknoll Fathers began to visit us. I learned to know You, and I was baptized in the little matshed chapel the priests had put up in the cemetery. When the Maryknoll leper asylum was built here at Gae Moon, the Spiritual Fathers moved me to it. So, here I am, dear Friend. Who could be more fortunate than I?"

Lo Mo's meditation and conversation had reached this usual climax when a tall missionary came out of the sacristy and looked around the chapel. His kind, keen eyes soon discovered the little old lady.

"Lo Mo," he said, "I wonder if you ought to attend Mass every morning? You looked very ill today."

"But, *Shen Fu*, I want to thank God every single day for all He has done for me," she protested.

Father Sweeney smiled. "Lo Mo, that black gown is very becoming. You are dressed just like one of our Chinese Sisters!"

Lo Mo's cup of happiness overflowed. "Oh, Father," she exclaimed, "such an honor! I am not worthy of all my Friend gives me!"

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# The jungle that never forgets

“**W**HERE shall I fasten the hammocks, Padre?” inquired my fourteen-year-old interpreter.

We had embarked on one of Bolivia's flat-bottomed river boats, which was to take us to a Brazilian settlement on the Bolivian side of the river Acre. I was to hear confessions there, say Mass, and tie the knot at a wedding. Manuel's job was to translate Portuguese into Spanish, leaving me to do my best with whatever I knew of the latter language.

“You might as well tie the hammocks up here,” I decided, indicating an aisle of three or four feet between flour sacks, sugar bags, and cases of beer.

We washed our faces in the river, wrapped our mosquito nets around the hammocks, and settled down comfortably for the night.

Fourteen hours later we pulled up at Baturite, where the guests had gathered for the wedding. It was a gala affair, which in our Bolivian jungles means a day and an entire night of fiesta. A medium-sized bull and two large pigs had been cooked for the banquet.

An Indian by the name of Carlos spoke Spanish very well and felt it his duty to entertain me.

“You see this snake, Padre,” he

said, exhibiting a dead reptile some ten feet long. “Well, he almost got me. I was coming here through the jungle when I tripped on what I thought was a branch. I tried to get up but my trouser leg was caught, caught on the fangs of this ugly old fellow. But I was able to get two bullets into him, gracias a Dios!”

“If you would not mind leaving the feast for a while, I should like to see some of the jungle around Baturite,” I suggested.

We headed deep into the woods and walked for half an hour. Carlos announced that we had arrived, but



*Father Grondin finds Bolivian forests denser and darker than those of home*

I could see nothing but the lush jungle foliage.

The Indian crossed over to a clump of giant grasses. As he parted them, I saw a large piece of rusty machinery, strangely out of place in the green solitude. Carlos looked around at me. "We will go back to Baturite by another trail, and you shall see where the jungle has guarded for many years the memory of a white man."

### **The jungle as friend**

We started out in another direction, and I barely escaped being hit on the head by some sort of nut dropped by a chattering, indignant monkey. At length we reached a clearing, in the midst of which stood a small but strongly built house. Diminutive, but well-kept plantations surrounded the dwelling; and livestock of various kinds were everywhere in evidence.

Carlos raised his voice. "José! Rosa!" he called. "Come quickly—a Padre is here."

An Indian with a wise, kind face, followed by a stocky woman, answered his call. Behind them came Indian boys and girls of various ages and confusing quantity.

My welcome was so joyous and

hospitable that, before I could tell how it came about, I found myself in the best room of the house in the Amazonian wilderness.

"The Padre must have a cup of coffee," the good mother was saying.

I did not at once answer, for there, before my eyes, was the jungle's secret. A small altar, adorned, immaculate, waiting for the Great Sacrifice.

"Twenty years ago a Padre came here and said Mass for us," the father of the family explained. "We have always kept the altar ready for the next priest who would come to us. The Padre will say Mass here tomorrow morning?" he concluded anxiously.

I nodded, my heart too full for words.

Carlos beamed over at me in glad triumph. "You see, Padre, I was right!" he exulted. "The jungle keeps the memory of the white man who comes to bring Christ to its children. All through the country of the red men, there are other altars waiting for the priests, altars that the jungle has guarded. Tell the priests in your country, Padre, that the jungle and the Indians have waited many, many years for them to come."

1 1

"Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

# Newspaper clippings

## **The Boston Post:**

"Not all heroism in the war is confined to the battle-line. The two Maryknoll missionaries who were released from the Hong Kong concentration camp, yet voluntarily returned to it to assist less fortunate prisoners, showed courage of a high order. Their action gives a deeper meaning to sacrifice."

## **The Lincoln (Neb.) Star-Journal**

"Although Maryknoll is young, its traditions are strong. . . . Latin-America is the new challenge to Maryknoll. The Holy Father has commanded that work begin there, and Maryknollers are enthusiastic at the prospect."

## **The New York Journal-American:**

"Only scant paragraphs in newspapers and short dispatches from military, official, and religious authorities indicate the courage with which Maryknoll's missionaries serve the unfortunate in every sphere of life, in every distant place of danger. When this war is ended, the complete record will be revealed; but enough of it has already become known to thrill the hearts of those who have remained at home, and to add luster to the Maryknoll tradition."

## **The Chicago Sun:**

"Twenty-six missionaries of Mary-

knoll were off today for stations in South and Central America. The Maryknoll missionaries . . . were bound for Latin America at the express wish of the Holy See, which saw a 'tremendous scarcity of clergy' in that hemisphere."

## **The Cincinnati Enquirer:**

"Catholics and non-Catholics alike have become conscious of Maryknollers through stories of their steadfast courage during difficult days in China and Japan. But to Maryknollers, their men in the Orient are not heroes. They simply are priests following, inevitably following, Maryknoll tradition. . . . In spite of the risks their men take, Maryknoll has had only one martyr, Father Gerard Donovan, who was kidnapped from his Manchukuo mission by bandits and strangled to death."

## **The Durham (N. C.) Herald-Sun:**

"Maryknollers, when they go into a new territory, do not behave like visiting lecturers. They settle down to the life the people lead, share the people's privations and disasters. Only such thoroughly prepared young men can hope to accomplish the Church's desire, to create not merely a hemisphere link, but 'a hemisphere rosary—in the hands of the youth of tomorrow.'"



# Behind the China wall

## Finger "shooting"

**O**CCASIONALLY, when things begin to get dull, our Chinese helpers at the mission "shoot down" a batch of enemy planes.

The other morning after breakfast, there came to our ears the heavy

their fingers into the air, and calmly "shot down" the squadron.

Another mess of enemy planes had been "finished off."

—FATHER CYRIL V. HIRST,  
*of Philadelphia,*  
*now in Topong, China.*

## How to eat nails

The mission treasure was low, funds from the United States were lagging, and no mail was coming through. Things looked rather grim, until I discovered that barrel of nails.

Father Rauschenbach had purchased the nails years ago, for the sum of five dollars. The barrel had been hidden away ever since, under the miscellaneous discards of our mission attic. Now my search for something salable had brought it to light.

What I did not know was the furore I was about to cause. Nails proved to be as scarce as gold pieces in our whereabouts. I had hardly reached the town when I was mobbed by eager shopkeepers, each trying to outbid the other. I stepped back and let them argue it out.

When one of the bids finally mounted to two hundred dollars, I closed the deal. Not such a bad price for a barrel of nails which originally cost five dollars! Now I'll have to take another good look in the dark corners of our attic.



drone of many airplanes. It was the immediate signal for all to rush pell-mell out into the courtyard! There we gazed upwards at fifteen Japanese bombers, high, high in the sky. They were winging their deadly way past us to Suchow, which they later attacked.

As we watched the mechanical birds flying with monotonous precision, many exclamations and comments were uttered. The comments were all of a disparaging nature and, for our Chinese friends, invariably wound up the same way. They lifted

Drop around some day, friend, and we'll open a keg of nails!

—FATHER CONSTANTINE F. BURNS,  
*of Toledo, Ohio,*  
*now in Wanfu, China.*

### **Chinese converts**

An obstacle to conversion for some Chinese is that they are cautious about committing themselves to a possible strenuous moral code. They fear it may be beyond them. In China, the comparatively small group of Catholics tend to a solidarity of life that sets a rigid standard of conduct as normal. A convert who does not measure up to this standard is far more isolated than would be the case in countries of old Christian civilization.

Becoming a Catholic in China is a public affair, known and commented upon by all the neighbors. The pagans are not the last to criticize the failings of a new convert.

—BISHOP FRANCIS X. FORD,  
*of Brooklyn,*  
*now in Kaying, China.*

### **Jesuits in Hong Kong**

During the siege of Hong Kong, the Jesuits in residence there measured up to the standards of their great order. When the war came, Father Joy, acting on Bishop Valtorta's request, assigned Jesuit Fathers to the various parishes and hospitals in Hong Kong and Kowloon. At St. Paul's Hospital, the Jesuits

did noble work, with bombs and shells bursting all around them. Besides discharging their priestly duties, they carried many of the wounded on their backs.

Walking along the Bund, Father Joy was stopped by a soldier guarding a street intersection. The young man wished to go to confession. After absolution, Father Joy gave the soldier Holy Communion from a pyx he carried with him. Many other soldiers in the streets received Communion from the Jesuit Fathers. The priests also climbed to roofs of buildings to administer the sacraments to soldiers stationed there:

Mass was said in the Shanghai Bank building. Someone outside would shout: "Are you a Catholic? Mass and the sacraments inside."

In this way, the Jesuit Fathers brought the sacraments to the soldiers and the civilians of Hong Kong.

—FATHER MAURICE A. FEENEY,  
*of Albany,*  
*now in Taipat, China.*



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## Salute to an altar boy

IT WAS only a little Maryknoll mission chapel by a Chinese roadside, but Tang San-djiu could not have been prouder had it been a cathedral. Father O'Day watched with amused sympathy, the stiff back and measured stride of the new altar boy as the latter led out from the sacristy.

The little fellow certainly had plugged at the Latin and, though he came of a family of new Christians, he had all the Chinese love of ceremonial and processions. Now his fingers were fairly itching to get at the sanctuary bell. The priest hoped that San-djiu would come through

with flying colors on this, his first public appearance.

They emerged from the sacristy into the din of a Chinese congregation chanting its prayers with full-throated fervor. An inquisitive urchin escaped from his mother, crawled up to the altar rail, and clung there precariously. Several small girls showed their appreciation of his predicament by shrill laughing. The baby lost no time in responding with frightened howls.

On the way to the altar, San-djiu's glance fell squarely on a lady kneeling near the front. This proved too much for the fond mother. She was



not yet accustomed to the etiquette of worship in a Catholic church. Anyway, how could she resist the sight of her San-djiu clothed in a red cassock and occupying a place of honor beside the Spiritual Father?

**"Hello, there, son!"**

Mother Tang stood up, waved her arms vigorously, and shouted, "Wai, wai, wai!" "Hello, there, son!"

The boy flushed to the roots of his hair, but proceeded to the altar with dignity only slightly ruffled. Thereafter, he carried through the ritual of serving with faultless precision, but Father O'Day realized

that for San-djiu the triumph of the occasion was now dust and ashes.

After Mass, a shame-faced altar boy rid himself of surplice and cassock with lightning speed. He was slipping from the sacristy when the missionary called him back.

"That was fine work, San-djiu, I was proud of your Latin."

The boy mumbled a reply, his eyes avoiding the priest's.

"You know," continued Father O'Day, "no one could have heard your mother, and most likely no one saw her wave to you. The first time I ever served Mass, my mother smiled at me. I got so excited I fell up the

altar steps in front of everybody."

San-djiu looked full at the priest now. "Really, Spiritual Father?" he asked. "Did that really happen to you?"

"It certainly did. Those are nice shoes you have. Who bought them for you?"

"Mother," answered the boy. "She's been saving money a long time to get these shoes."

"Well," said the missionary, "this is a great day for her, too, isn't it, son? I'm going to let you be crossbearer at the High Mass next Sunday."

"Oh, Father, how wonderful!" cried San-djiu. He stepped proudly out of the sacristy to dazzle less-fortunate humans with the news of this promotion.



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## PART FOUR

### **"As the Father has sent Me . . . "**

The peace of the world is in our hands. It is the formula of God Himself,—so simple, so clear, so easy! The Master Himself showed us the way.

Night and day He gave Himself to others, especially the broken in body and spirit. And then He gave us the privilege of sharing in this divine work:

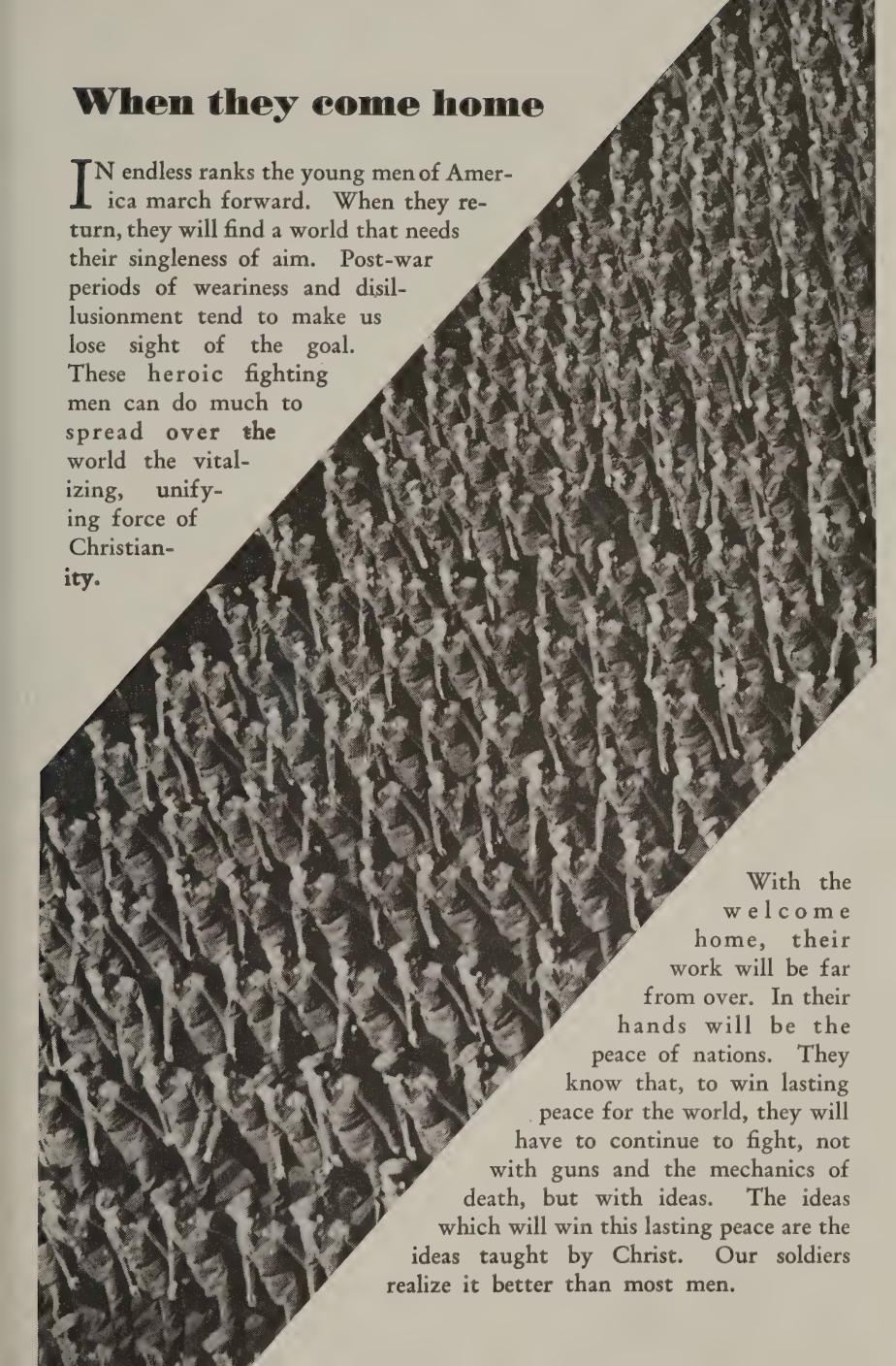
"As the Father has sent Me, I also send you." To whom? To *all* men! Where? To the *whole* world! "Go!" He said. He wanted us to hurry.

"Launch out into the deep!" He didn't want us to hug the shores, to be too cautious. He was daring. He wanted us to be daring, too, and bring to mankind what belongs to them.

It's more than charity. It's a grave responsibility. These blessings belong to all men just as they belong to us.

## When they come home

**I**N endless ranks the young men of America march forward. When they return, they will find a world that needs their singleness of aim. Post-war periods of weariness and disillusionment tend to make us lose sight of the goal. These heroic fighting men can do much to spread over the world the vitalizing, unifying force of Christianity.



With the welcome home, their work will be far from over. In their hands will be the peace of nations. They know that, to win lasting peace for the world, they will have to continue to fight, not with guns and the mechanics of death, but with ideas. The ideas which will win this lasting peace are the ideas taught by Christ. Our soldiers realize it better than most men.



*The men in the armed forces see the need of missionaries as never before*

## A challenge

**D**URING a lull between bombs, a marine in the Solomons sat down and wrote a letter. It was addressed to Maryknoll. And what a letter!

"We'll win this war," it said. "There's no doubt about that. But stopping the enemy won't end the trouble. We've got pagan brains to deal with—brains which do not even think of a human being as something sacred, as we do. And

after the last Zero falls from the sky, these non-Christians will still not know anything about the sacredness of the individual.

"There's only one solution that I see. Men, and more men, must go out to teach and tell. You men of Maryknoll are doing this work, and if I ever get out of this mess alive, you'll have one more to work with you. So please regard this letter as my application."



"Tell it to the Marines!" they say; but every once in a while the Marines tell it to us. This one did. And he added one thing more.

He said: "There must be many younger boys at home, too young to enlist in the armed services, but not too young to prepare themselves for the work to come—to take up where we leave off—to do a work which is even more important. That is, to take Christ's message to all men."

This is the challenge of the Marine from the Solomons! A challenge to the Catholic youth of America to prepare now for the building of the world of tomorrow.

The challenge is yours—the opportunity and duty to carry peace and salvation beyond the confines of our country to the whole world.

Why have we been so slow to pass along faith in the True God to all mankind? Why haven't we given it to the six hundred million in China and Japan—nearly one-third of the population of the earth?

### **We can do more**

Orientalists have shown that they make good Christians. The few that have received the truth have proved that. So it seems no stretch of the

imagination to say that, if we deprive most of them of what has been sent to them by Christ, we must accept some responsibility when they do things that shock us.

Up to now, the nations of Europe have given ninety-five per cent of the missionaries in pagan lands. We of America claim only five per cent of the total—three thousand priests, Brothers and Sisters.

Here in the United States of America, we have 36,976 priests. They are our leaders. While most of them must stay with us to sustain the Faith in sections already Catholic, yet they realize that it is primarily their responsibility to provide for the extension of that same Faith to the far corners of the earth. Since our priests cannot go themselves, others must be found to represent them in doing for the world what they are doing for our people here at home.

After the war, there will be need for at least ten thousand more priests in the mission sections of our own country, and twenty thousand to take the Prince of Peace to the two-thirds of mankind that have not as yet heard of Him.

Here is your challenge! Will you meet it?

1 1 1 1 1 1

"Catholic means universal—there is no other possible translation in either Italian or any other modern language—and Catholic Church means Universal Church. Now the contrast between exaggerated nationalism and Catholic Doctrine is evident. The spirit of this nationalism is contrary to the spirit of the *Credo* and is contrary to the Faith."—*Pius XI*.



## **Why to Central and South America?**

MARYKNOLL is sending many priests and Sisters to Latin America. Why? Have not the activities of Protestant groups in Latin America been opposed, precisely because our southern neighbors are overwhelmingly Catholic? Why then Maryknoll to Latin America?

The first and best reason is that the Holy Father desires us to go, and Latin-American bishops have asked us to help their people. The people are indeed Catholic, but their clergy are not numerous enough to serve the 124,000,000 individuals in the southern part of this hemisphere.

In the United States, there are 22,556,242 Catholics and 36,976 priests. In the Latin lands of this hemisphere, the clergy number only 16,000 priests for more than five times the Catholics in the United States.

### **Our sure guide**

Central and South America present a curious phenomenon of unity that transcends all national and political barriers. This unity is

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*One good reason why priests are  
needed in Latin America*

partly accounted for by a similarity of racial origin, social and religious influences, and the fact that the countries had been, for centuries, colonies of a mother state—Spain or Portugal.

Accordingly, while our missionaries are going to various countries, they may be said to be going also to the people of a continent. In Latin America, cultural and religious influences pass from one country to another as within a single body, so that it is true to say that the real congregation of our priests will be immensely more vast than the congregation which they will see from their pulpits.

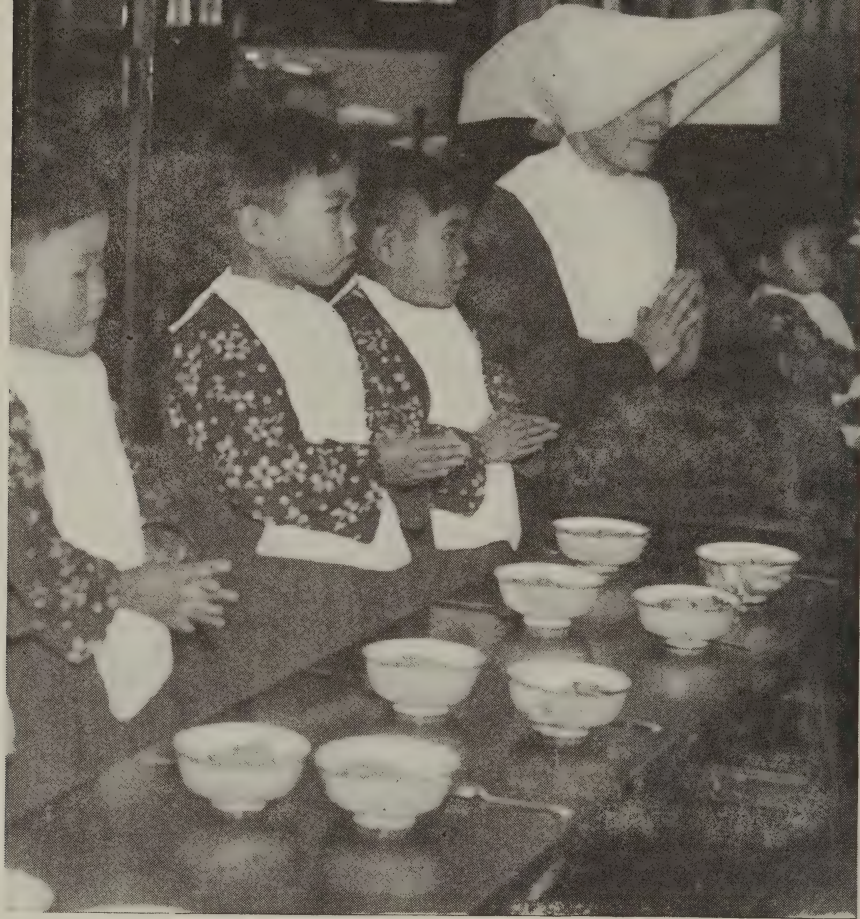
Maryknoll is not going to Central and South America because some of our priests and Sisters were excluded from the Japanese Empire, or because the lands of the Western Hemisphere alone remain accessible for travel. We would not go for either, or both, of these reasons. The return of some of our missionaries simply permitted a more extensive beginning than would have been possible without their assistance.

Our co-founder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, wrote as long ago as 1927, "It is too bad that we are not about twenty years ahead, so that we could touch the continent of South America."

We have as yet no practical knowledge of the complexities and obstacles that will surround our activities in Latin America, but we know the principle that will direct our work in all circumstances. We work first and last as priests and missionaries. Whatever experience may teach in time, it can never teach as much as we can learn by applying the principle of our vocation. The tradition of our missionary priesthood remains the surest guide for our beginnings in Latin America. We shall be conscious with devout humility that Divine Providence has committed to us a share in advancing the development of the Faith throughout a continent. Our commission, which is from God, comes at a most critical moment, and in our own simple way we hope to be apostles of a living, growing, energetic faith.







## In terms of two billion

OUT of the two billion people on earth, it is estimated that four hundred million—or two in every ten—live each day without enough to eat. Of this same two billion, one billion two hundred million—or six persons in every ten—cannot read or write.

Does this touch you and me? Decidedly, yes. We cannot overlook

these facts and be good Christians. Long before the "Four Freedoms," the Four Gospels made it a religious duty for us, and Catholic philosophy recognized it as our moral obligation, to give every individual on earth his fundamental rights. These include; among other things, the right to earn bread-and-butter for self and family, the right to learn enough to earn

a living, and the further right to learn enough to live a normal human existence as a child of God and a citizen of the planet.

Once upon a time, we could successfully ignore these obligations so far as they concerned the world at large. We had no clear notion of how large mankind was, or in what condition it existed. But this vagueness is now taken from us. The World War and lightning communications crowd our minds with the full picture of the whole of men.

### **World-wide thinking**

If someone had ventured to tell us that all men beneath their skins are very much alike, we should have been apt to reply: "So? You feel pretty close to the wild man of Borneo, do you? Or to the jungle men of Malaya or the Congo? Well, thank you, I don't!"

We have been thinking it over these days, however. We understand now that of the two billion people of the earth, those of so-called advanced nations number some eight hundred millions; those of backward nations some eleven hundred millions; while those who are really primitive or quasi-primitive total only one hundred million—a bare twentieth of the whole.

Allowing for a fringe of strange types in certain backwaters of the earth, where men have not moved forward, the main body of man-

kind is substantially the same. I personally recall visits to native priests in Africa, who guide their people daily, who direct Christian life among their flocks wisely and well, who study cases of law and conscience from theology books which they take from their shelves for reference quite as would parish priests in London, or Paris, or Chicago. Yet the parents of these priests were so-called wild, untutored primitives, who worshiped fetishes in the African forests.

### **Likenesses are striking**

It is not the differences, but the likenesses, among the two billion people of the earth which are most striking. We are in reality one, created equal in godly dignity, with equal claim to fundamental human rights.

Yet how far is mankind as a whole from possessing even a meager minimum of its rights, or of its needs for either this life or the next! Less than one-third know Jesus Christ wholly or partially. Only a minority possess enough, in body or mind, to be free from physical suffering and deep ignorance. Only a small fraction of mankind—possibly ten or fifteen per cent—can be said to have attained, not great learning or great earthly wealth, but the minimum of material and intellectual possessions to which as men they are justly entitled.

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**O**F COURSE they all are pilots at the present time. Fighting pilots. You've heard about them. These are the lads who lived on your street. One worked in his father's market after school and said that he himself would own a large store some day. Another wanted to be a doctor; he talked about it every chance he got. Still another served Mass every morning at seven. Everybody knew he would be a priest. Then the war came, and they all went away to fight for their country.

But their war-time work—please God—will be finished one of these days, and the pilots will lay aside their parachutes and helmets for the equally important implements of peace-time occupations.

The professions will need them—so will the houses of commerce—be-

cause they are the man-power of the world. But of all post-war activities, the greatest will be that of the Church.

The minds of people do not change with the simple signing of a peace pact. In some countries, entire cities have been burned and beaten to the ground. The memories of ruined homes, of maimed and slaughtered people, of enormous bombs falling from the skies, and of long months of hardships in concentration camps or fox holes, will burn in the minds of people for years to come.

It will be the work of the Church to restore a balance to the world; to remove the remnants of warfare's hatred from men's hearts, and to teach them to love instead of to fight.

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## Where have you Christians been?

**A** LONG a road in northern China, a Maryknoll missionary came upon an old lady by the wayside. She was near death from starvation and cold. Nobody was paying the slightest bit of attention to her. The priest helped her as best he could, but it was too late to save her life.

Before she passed away, she summoned her last strength to ask the young American priest: "Why did you bother about me? Nobody else cared!"

"God made you and God made me," he answered. "And He said to go out over the world and help everybody who is in need."

The old lady was deeply touched by this. It was the first time in her life that she had heard of the love of God and man.

Weakly she continued: "What a beautiful religion! Where did this religion come from? Who started it?"

### **A shock to her**

The missionary then told her quickly how God loved us so much that He sent His own Son down to earth to help us; how Christ worked daily to help the poor and the afflicted; and how He left one great command, that His followers should go out over the world and help every single creature, especially those in need.

The poor little lady was surprised

and asked the priest when Christ had lived. She thought he would say about forty years ago. When he said nearly two thousand years ago, she couldn't believe him.

"You mean to say that two thousand years ago Christ commanded His followers to spread this idea of the love of God and man over the earth to all men?"

The priest admitted that it had indeed been so long ago.

### **A searching inquiry**

It was hard for her to understand. Her next words made the missionary feel a bit ashamed: "Well, where have you Christians been for the past two thousand years? Why haven't you done what Christ said? We have seen thousands of people from other lands spreading hatred and destruction over our country. Nobody told them to do this. But you say God Himself told you to spread His love over the earth! Where have you been? Why haven't you done it?"

This little old lady died soon after that. But she left behind a lesson, not only for the missionary to whom she spoke—but for every follower of Christ over the world who hears of her searching inquiry: "Where have you Christians been for the last two thousand years? Why haven't you done what Christ said?"



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**Grey Dawns and Red:** *A martyr who was beheaded becomes an inspiration for American youth.*

**Men of Maryknoll:** *Father Keller and Meyer Berger give an excitement-packed account of mission experiences of rank-and-file Maryknollers.*

**Maryknoll Mission Letters** (2 vols.): *The cream of the letters that arrive at Maryknoll from the missions.*

**March Into Tomorrow:** *Stories of the missionary and his work showing that he builds for tomorrow.*

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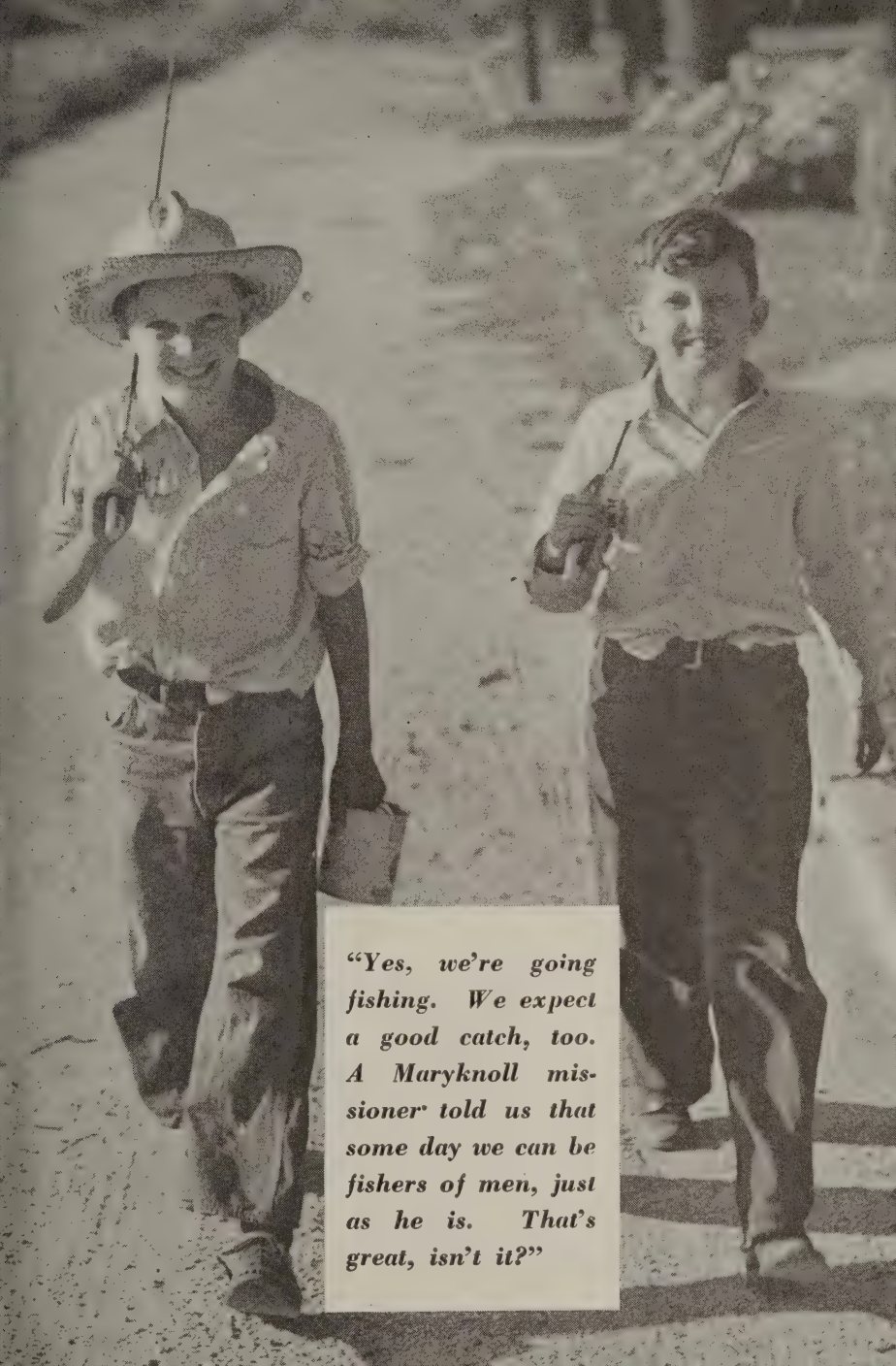
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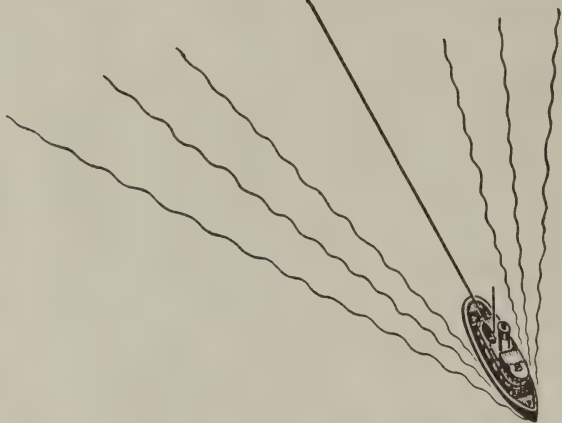




*"Yes, we're going fishing. We expect a good catch, too. A Maryknoll missionary told us that some day we can be fishers of men, just as he is. That's great, isn't it?"*

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sophical training, the purpose of which is to prepare the mind for the study of theology.

After philosophy there is a year's special training in spirituality at the Novitiate in Bedford, Mass. Here the student's character is polished and strengthened.

The last four years of theological and special mission training takes place at our Major Seminary in Ossining, New York, at the end of which comes ordination and assignment to the missions.



## We thank you

FROM hundreds of Catholic schools over the country have come practically all of our 789 Maryknoll priests, Brothers, and students. If you were to have an opportunity to ask each of the present, or aspirant, missionaries how he happened to come to Maryknoll, in nearly every case

you would find that, years ago, at college, in high school, or even in grammar grades, he received his first inspiration and encouragement from a priest, Brother or Sister.

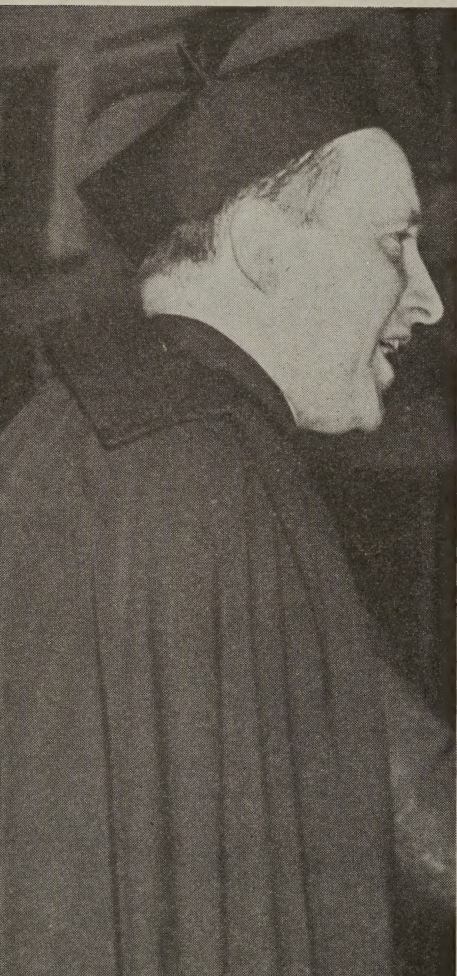
During a recent ordination at Maryknoll, a parish priest from Boston saw the eighth young man he had directed to Maryknoll raised to the priesthood. Six more are now preparing for the missions. All had come under that priest's influence in parochial schools.

Recently a Christian Brother wrote us from a school in the Middle West:

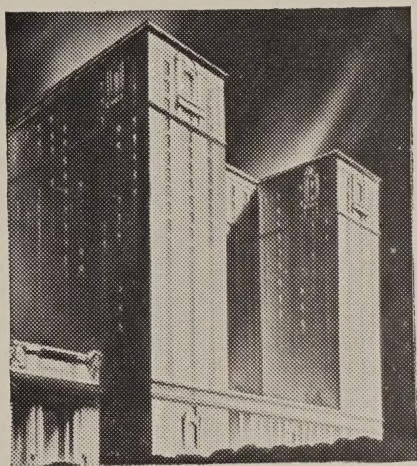
"I have two boys in my class (third-year high school) whom I am encouraging for Maryknoll. I have already told them much about your work and about the opportunities that lie ahead for them if they become missionaries."

Each year, the president of Fordham University welcomes a Maryknoll priest to speak to his students. The latest talk was given not long ago. In introducing the speaker, one of the Jesuit Fathers made the following remark:

"Recently I looked over some lists and found that practically every Jesuit school in the country has at least one representative at Maryknoll. We Jesuits are delighted at that. Fordham has many of its sons with Maryknoll, and we want more to go, too!"



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*Matt. 7, 20.*

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And when peace comes, these same ships and men will carry food to starving peoples, and materials to war-ravaged lands. Then the American people will repay that debt by supporting their merchant marine so that it may continue to be great.

*Basil Harris.*

*President, United States Lines*

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